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THE MEMORY OF AN OLD SONG.

By E. KLIMESCH.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Among the less splendid effects of the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing lately disposed of by public roup were, I read, the rather "job lot" of ninety-three boxes of seidlitz powders. You cannot have too much of a good thing, says the proverb, but, nevertheless, this appears to be an extreme case. It reminds me of a story I once heard of the attraction this effervescent treat possesses for Indian princes. I suppose its coolness is a recommendation, but it would really seem that they do not always know where to stop. Those little blue and white packets have a positive fascination for them. An English doctor attached to the court of a rajah, not independent in a political sense, but sometimes ludicrously arbitrary, had made himself almost indispensable to his Highness. He had, fortunately, also made a friend of his Prime Minister; but he was nevertheless conscious of the "chancy" nature of his position, and thoroughly appreciated the Biblical advice as to not putting confidence in (native) princes. On one occasion his Highness, being slightly indisposed, had taken, by the doctor's advice, a seidlitz powder, with which he expressed himself delighted. Its tendency to "boil and fizz ready to blow your nose off," attributed to it by an unscientific patient, seemed to him, as the poet expresses it, to "scatter coolness"; and he seemed so much better after taking it that the doctor felt himself justified in joining in a hunting party. Presently a horseman from the palace in the confidential employment of the Grand Vizier galloped up to him. "My master bids me tell you," he said, "that his Highness has broken open your medicine-chest, and taken first all the white powders and then all the blue." "Gracious goodness," cried the doctor, "there were twenty-three of each of them!" "My master adds," continued the messenger, dropping his voice, "that you had better make for the frontier without one moment's delay." The doctor put spurs to his horse, and never drew rein till he was "out of the jurisdiction of the court."

The firm of printers who have made, as I read, a garden at the top of their offices for the recreation of their employes have done an excellent thing. The idea of dedicating to Flora a roof in the city, and supplying it not only with shrubs and plants, but "with garden seats and games," is as original as it is munificent. Instead of staying indoors, or roaming about the streets after their dinner hour, their people recreate themselves in this elevated bower. Even genial Dickens did not hit upon this agreeable transformation, though more than one of his scenes take place on the London roof-tops. I wonder what the cats think of it? The weather this summer must, however, have been sadly against the garden games. Let us hope there were plenty of arbours: that one can take tea in an arbour even in the rain is certain, from the account of that festive meal provided by Mr. Quilp for Mr. Sampson Brass and the fair Sally.

"Whereof fail not" — "at your peril"; these are dreadful words, even if addressed to an evildoer, but to an innocent householder they seem menacing indeed. What adds to his natural alarm is that a policeman brings the missive. I was out of town myself, prostrated with rheumatic gout, when he visited my humble roof, and it frightened my faithful domestics exceedingly. What crime master had committed they did not know, but with a fine feudal instinct they did their best to shelter me from its consequences. They protested that they had mislaid my address, but that when last heard of I was at the point of dissolution; was it worth while, for the vengeance of the law, to pursue a person in such a condition? But the policeman said (even after refreshment had been supplied to him) that he must do his duty. I wrote rather indignantly to the proper official to say, though I did not wish it to be generally known, that I was by age exempt from serving on juries, and had given notice to that effect. He replied that so far I was correct, but that the summons in question was for a coroner's jury, to which everybody, while breath was in him, was liable. This seems curious. Why should a coroner have power to drag persons of a hundred years and upwards to his court, and a judge be unable to do so after they are sixty? Perhaps it is thought that their own nearness to the grave especially qualifies them to investigate the causes of decease in their fellow-creatures. I gather from a recent case that coroners' jurymen are not allowed to come in their shirt-sleeves; but concerning this sartorial prohibition not a word, my domestics testify, did the policeman say; so that even if I had been in a condition to attend the summons, I might have fallen short of expectation as to costume.

A coroner, or even a judge, may not be an authority upon attire. Lord Ellenborough once reproved a bricklayer for coming to be sworn in his usual habiliments. "When you have to appear before this Court, witness, it is your bounden duty to be clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life, if it comes to that," said the bricklayer, "I'm every bit as well dressed as your Lordship." "How do you mean, Sir?" exclaimed the Chief Justice angrily. "Well, it's just this—you come

here in your working clothes, and I come in mine." It was very seldom, however, that anybody got the better of Lord Ellenborough. A witness dressed in a fantastical manner, and who had given discreditable evidence, was asked in cross-examination what he was. "I employ myself," he said, "as a surgeon." "But does anyone else," inquired the Chief, "employ you as a surgeon?"

I wonder what our "gentlemen sportsmen" would say to a Persian Derby, where, we read, no less than three hundred horses run at once! Science, no doubt, would find a means of apportioning the odds not much less inaccurately than at present, but the bookmaker under his umbrella would have an arduous task. Matters, however, are made a little simpler than they would appear, since it seems the Shah's horses always win. I doubt whether the English public, however loyal to the reigning family, would like this arrangement, but the fact is the great race of the season is a source of much emolument to his Highness. The entrance-fees are very large, and it is not considered etiquette to get in advance of one of his horses. On the other hand, a sure way to his favour, followed by all the sporting nobility, is to make a large "field." As the Shah himself ran thirty-seven horses on the last occasion, there is still ample opportunity for speculation, though the remaining 263 quadrupeds are out of the betting. This royal license has no parallel except in the case of Louis XIV. of France, who named his own suit at whist; but his competitors were not so utterly hopeless, since now and then they became his partners.

An electro-voltaic-magnetician (who should be a super-scientific person indeed) has written to the authorities of an American pleasure resort to offer, by means of a weather machine of his own invention, "to prolong the summer season during September and October." He only wants three hundred pounds a week for the operation. I do not know what kind of weather our American cousins have been having in their pleasure resorts, but in this country we are not likely to pay anybody for prolonging the season. The glass, we are told, has occasionally gone up, but one must be of a very mercurial disposition to attach importance to that circumstance: many things beside fine weather are "an excuse for a glass"; for my part I have had for weeks two unfailing barometers—my wretched joints and a fly-stand. The former stubbornly registered the worst of weather, but the latter had more delicate variations. When the heads of the flies were put up, it meant "rain"; when they were closed altogether and the man got inside, it meant "much rain"; when the horses were taken away and the flies were left (I never knew why) like hearses with a waterproof pall on them, it meant that all hope was over, after that the Deluge—and it came.

The case which the lawyers of Odessa have recently had to settle, as to the presumption of survivorship in a husband and wife, both drowned (for all that could be known to the contrary) at the same instant, has been spoken of as though it were an unusual circumstance, but in the English courts there have been many similar cases. The Odessa catastrophe was caused by a collision, and it has been decided that the wife survived—a woman, as the doctors considered, being likely to float longer than a man. In England, juries—or at least judges—are less inclined to be moved by the views of experts. In the case of General Stanwix, who was lost with his wife, and every soul on board, in the Irish Channel, administration was granted to the representative of the husband; but the judge expressly observed that he was not deciding that the husband actually survived the wife, but assumed that both parties had perished at the same moment. In a case where a mother and daughter were drowned in a cabin through the sea coming through the skylight, it was held, though physical strength was much in favour of the younger woman, that neither could transmit to the other. In the case of Underwood v. Wing, it was shown that the husband clasped his wife in his arms, when a heavy wave swept both into the sea, and though the man was strong and a good swimmer, it was decided (after two appeals, however) that their property would go the same way as though they had died at the same instant. The effect of this was to set aside the wills of both, and the property was handed to one whose name was intentionally excluded from both documents. There was a case of presumption of survivorship in Sir John Franklin's expedition, which was decided upon opinions of other Arctic voyagers, notably Dr. Rae and Sir John Richardson. They both concurred that no member of the expedition could possibly have survived 1852. A very small amount of proof—though proof there must be—is required for evidence of survivorship. "A father and son were seized as joint tenants and to the heirs of the son." They were also seized as joint accomplices in a murder and hanged accordingly. They were turned off at the same time, but because the legs of the son shook after the father was still, it was held that he survived and that the wife was entitled to her dower.

In a cannibal country, if a person had no objection to eating people, it would, without doubt, be considered affectation in him to have scruples about killing them. A

similar inconsistency, however, characterises a good many of us. We have sporting friends, as kind as can be, whose aim in life is, nevertheless, literally to kill things—pheasants and grouse and partridges—and who shock us by their murderous ways, while at the same time, when the victims of their brutality arrive by parcel post at our address, we say, "Very good," and examine the date of their dissolution with gastronomic interest. We may be sure that Canon Barham could never have brought himself to shoot a dove, yet he has told us that the very sight of one has suggested "how nice he would eat with a steak in a pie." When West, the President of the Royal Academy, was very young, he attained great skill with the bow and arrow, and shooting at a dove one day (which it is probable, like most toxophilites, he had little expectation of hitting), had the misfortune to kill it. "The moanings of its widowed mate," we are told, "made an impression on him which was never erased, and caused him frequently to introduce a dove into his pictures." This may well have been no affectation of sensibility. I confess, though I eat winged game with pleasure, it distresses me to see them shot; and still more to see a woman shooting them. But most of all do I detest the Cockney "bounders" who shoot gulls. Anyone whose ship has been accompanied for miles by these beautiful creatures (attracted by a mere bag of buns or biscuits), and watched the silent rush of their white wings as they glide and slide in the pure air above the summer sea, must acknowledge them to be types of life itself, as imaged by the saints. How even "bounders" can take pleasure in destroying such embodiments of happiness and beauty is to me inexplicable, and they have not even the excuse of gulls being eatable.

M. Dubois' examples of the French Anarchists are, after all, very much like characters most of us have known at home, but who have not had the advantage of finding Anarchy ready-made for them. One literary gentleman of twenty-eight years of age boasts of always "having had a hatred of authority and the greatest disinclination to do what he was ordered to do. Anything in the nature of an injunction appears to me detestable, and I have never voluntarily submitted to a command." A medical student twenty-four years of age confesses that "his youth was passed in various schools and institutions, from all of which I was expelled for continual revolts against authority." Another literary man proclaims that "as soon as he was capable in the smallest measure of an independent thought, the bent of his mind displayed itself in a pronounced leaning towards Anarchist theories." It is noticeable that this third gentleman was slightly older than the others, who appear to have been Anarchists without knowing it. It is more than doubtful whether giving so fine a name to such very common and contemptible natures is judicious; but there seems a tendency nowadays to mitigate the aversion due to crime by confounding it with politics and even philosophy.

There are, of course, some streaks of humour about these Simon Tappertits, to whom they have been most justly likened. On one of them, for example, being sentenced the other day to fourteen days' imprisonment for insulting a public functionary, he pulled out a revolver, and, though missing his aim, cleared the bench of magistrates in a flash. But for the most part their actions are detestable. One of them, aged seventeen, who has murdered a poor girl for her savings, at once confesses his guilt. "Yes," he says, "it was I. I am not a sentimentalist. What would you have? It is my character." The materials of which these creatures are composed are apparently egotism and brutality ready laid, and only waiting for the match of notoriety to burst into flame. Would it not be well to catch them and put them safely away somewhere a little earlier, before this happens? They are very frank in declaring their sentiments, and it is rude in society to ignore them. We shall probably never have so great a plague of these scoundrels as in France, because, unless a budding young Anarchist belongs to the proletariat, he is not sacred from the rod. Moreover, in the cases of criminals who are "not sentimentalist," English juries are not in the habit of finding "extenuating circumstances."

However peculiar the Nonconformist conscience may have been made out to be, that of the public at large is well-nigh as inscrutable. Everyone has heard of the benevolent gentleman who, sitting next the conductor in an omnibus, handed him his fellow-travellers' sixpences, and in every instance returned them a penny too much, without the least acknowledgment. His account of the matter was that they each threw one rapid glance at him and one at the conductor, and pocketed their money with a smile. They evidently thought it no harm to cheat an omnibus company. It is, therefore, not surprising to learn from a late report of the Automatic Machine Company that out of every twelve coins placed in the slot two are bad. There are many persons, no doubt, who may be trusted "with untold gold" (when for all they know the coins may be marked), but it is clear that the morality of quite a number of people varies in the case of an individual and a company. They will scorn to cheat the one, but will take any advantage of the other: perhaps the conduct of some companies who fleece the public may be excused upon the principle of "tit for tat."

THE BRUTE IN LAUGHTER.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

It was thought a strange discovery when, somewhere in Northern Asia, a tribe of woodland men was found who never laughed: never laughed, not because they were too proud, as certain tribes among ourselves are, but because they had never known how. So the travellers convinced themselves who employed a train of these laughterless people as guides through the forests they were found in. All sorts of tricks were tried to move them to mirth, and all failed. They gazed upon the most screaming practical jokes in silence and with unaltered countenances. Their mirth, if they were roused to any, was an interior tickle quite. For laughter they seemed entirely without the wherewithal; much to the travellers' amazement and more to their pity.

I wonder whether the commiseration was mutual. Not to be able to laugh seems a dreadful thing to those who make that noise, but to men incapable of making the noise how sad it must seem, and how strangely resembling their fellow-creatures to the beasts of the field! To be sure, we who laugh are proud of the gift because we fancy it one of the half-divine things which the beasts have not. But this is the fancy of people who do laugh, and who, nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times in ten thousand, have never listened to the sound of laughter as so much noise; mere noise, dissociated from all idea and preconception. But that is how this outlandish folk did listen when the travellers were exploding over their own so-well-got-up practical jokes. It would be entirely unphilosophical to assume that the forest people could not see the fun of those humorous contrivances of the western world. For if one sort of savage tribes can educate themselves to suffer the most excruciating pain without moving a muscle, why should not another sort be brought up to enjoy the most extraordinary jokes with the same dignity? Surely they might, if conscious of the same motive—the Red Indian's disdain of uttering unseemly cries and making ugly faces. Well, then, if that were the case, these secluded woodlanders, while they saw the fun just as the Red Indian feels the pain, heard laughter for the first time. And if so, how should it sound to them, this noise? Like something half divine, as we fondly imagine its quality? The voice of something that no mammal save man can express? Something which the brutes have no throat for? By no means. What they heard was an animal noise pure and simple; and since a forest folk has finer ears for such voices than other men, we may well believe that laughterless tribe more grave than ever while the European larks were going on, and that they parted from the travellers pitying them as much as they themselves were pitied.

But is there, then, no such thing as musical laughter?—pleasant laughter? To that question how unexpected and unkind an answer "No" would be! Perhaps also impossible, except from the mouth of a philosopher of the laughterless tribe. He, however, would probably say this: All that can be allowed is that some laughter is more musical than other, just as the voice of one four-footed creature is more pleasant to our ears than another. But here, too, we must understand what we are talking about. It is probably true that the ba-a-ing of a lamb is more musical than the croaking of a frog; but before we decide how much more music there is in the bleating than the croaking, we must strip the one of its associations with all manner of gentle thoughts and tender emotions, and do justice to the other in a corresponding way. You must imagine the bleating in the pond and the croaking in the fold. When you have done this with success, you may judge, though you will hardly be able to start upon these flights of fancy without suspecting that your estimate of the music in the two voices is about to falter.

This, however, is only said to illustrate the illusions of association in such matters. The intention is not to deny that one animal voice is in itself more musical than another, but to dwell for a moment on the fact that laughter is in many degrees of harshness and in fewer degrees of pleasantness a noise of the brutes. It is of the distinctive brute quality; unparticipant, for the most part, of the distinctive qualities of the human voice in speech and song. A musical laugh is usually a singing laugh; and of course a difference of superiority in the vocal chords tells in laughing as it does in singing. But yet it is a rarely beautiful laugh that will stand total disconnection with the ideas associated with the trilling utterance of mirth; while with a snatch of beautiful song it is quite different.

Not a word of this will be believed by anybody who does not happen to have caught the truth of the matter experimentally. But experiment is easy, and is worth trying. When you hear some unknown voice laughing without (at night for preference)—only the laugh audible and the utterer of it unseen—listen for the next peal with a mind discharged of everything but attention to the mere quality of the sound. That it is the utterance of any human feeling is to be cast out of consciousness; that it comes from a human throat is to be excluded from presumption. Do this, and what you will hear will be a clatter of sound like many things more than the expression of a human voice. It may even sound mechanical, as if proceeding from some wood-fashioning machine. More probably, however, it will strike the ear as a succession of barbarous percussive notes, either resembling the cry of some known animal—a quacking animal, a barking or a braying animal—or suggestive of some forest creature whose voice you are hearing for the first time. And yet, however rudely a man may shout or scream (shouting and screaming being so much less divine than laughter), the human quality remains.

Yet joy is joy, and laughter is the voice of it; and little else is left of the worship of the old Earth Gods.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE SIR JOHN COWELL, K.C.B.

We much regret the unexpected death, on Wednesday, Aug. 29, at East Cowes, of a faithful friend and confidential servant of her Majesty the Queen, one to whom, in their early lives, two of the royal princes, her sons, owed the personal advantage of careful and judicious attention to their welfare and management of their affairs, and who has long held an important position at the English Court. Sir John Cowell, Master of the Queen's Household and Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle, must be greatly missed by the members of the royal family, and by all those who visit her Majesty, as well as by those in attendance and those who may occasionally have business at her Court; and the Queen herself, who received the sad news of his death while on her journey to Balmoral, has permitted the *Court Circular* to state that she was "deeply grieved and shocked" by this loss. "In Sir John Cowell her Majesty loses a valuable and devoted servant and friend, who was warmly attached to herself and her family, and who was universally respected." He had seemed in good health on the Tuesday evening, when her Majesty left Osborne, and when he retired to rest, but at four o'clock next morning his heavy breathing alarmed Lady Cowell, and Dr. William Hoffmeister, the Queen's physician in the Isle of Wight, and Dr. Ewen, of East Cowes, were immediately summoned. Before their arrival, however, Sir John had

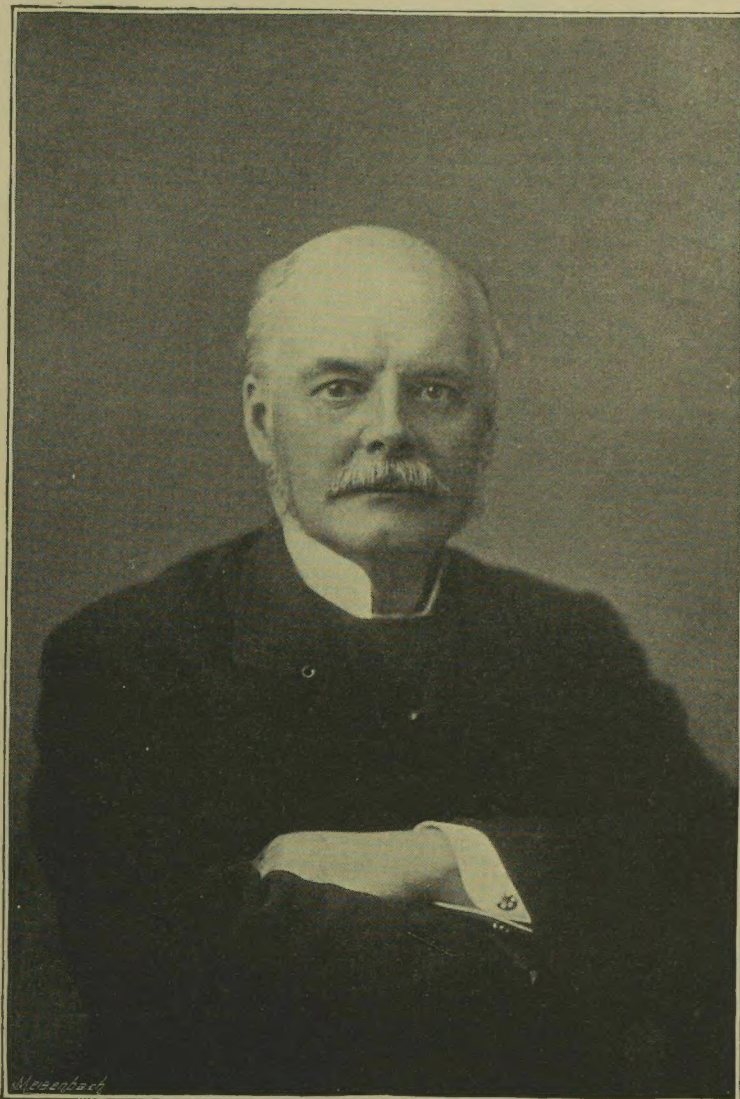


Photo by W. and D. Downey

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN COWELL, K.C.B., MASTER OF THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

passed away. The medical opinion is that death was caused by failure of the heart's action. The body was removed to Masham, his country house in Yorkshire, where the funeral took place. Sir John Clayton Cowell was born in 1832, was educated at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and joined the Royal Engineers in 1850. He served with the Baltic Fleet four years later, and in the Crimea, acting as aide-de-camp to General Sir Harry Jones at Sebastopol. He returned to England and acted for nine years—from 1856 to 1865—as Governor to Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, now Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and afterwards for a year in the same relation to Prince Leopold. When the former attained his majority Major Cowell was made a K.C.B. In 1866 he was appointed to the post he has held since—that of Master of her Majesty's Household. He retired from the Army in 1879, with the honorary rank of Major-General. In the Jubilee year (1887) he was made a Privy Councillor, in recognition of his services to the Queen, and in 1892 was appointed to be Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle. He married, in 1868, the only daughter of Mr. James Pulleine, of Clifton Castle and Crake Hall, Yorkshire, and leaves several children.

THE DISASTER IN MORECAMBE BAY.

The broad inlet of the Irish Sea, on the coast of North Lancashire, between Fleetwood and Walney Isle and the Furness Peninsula, extending to Ulverston in Westmorland, and called Morecambe Bay, was on Monday, Sept. 3, the scene of a sailing-boat disaster, by which twenty-five persons were drowned. The boat had left Morecambe, formerly called Poulton-in-the-Sands, a seaside place near Lancaster, for a trip of eight miles up to Grange, at the head of the bay, carrying nearly thirty passengers,

mostly holiday excursionists from Burnley. It was in charge of one man, named Houghton, who wanted to collect the fares before approaching the opposite shore, and for this purpose was about to slack the main sheet and ease the sail, when a sudden gust of wind made the boat heel over, and capsized it; all on board were thrown into the water, two miles from shore, and only a few were picked up by other boats. This happened about noon, in the midst of a pleasant little voyage, while the women and girls were singing cheerfully. The shores of Morecambe Bay, on the north side, exhibit much beautiful scenery, woods, parks, and grassy vales, the ruins of Furness Abbey and Holker Hall, one of the Duke of Devonshire's seats. The shifting sands and rapidly rising tide are very dangerous to passengers on foot.

CASTLE BROMWICH.

The visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York from Friday evening, Sept. 7, to Monday morning, to Castle Bromwich, the mansion of Viscount Newport, enables them conveniently, on Saturday, to come to Birmingham for the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the New General Hospital. Castle Bromwich Hall, situated on high ground overlooking the valley of the Tame, in Warwickshire, was erected early in the reign of James I., and is a building designed somewhat on the plan of the neighbouring Aston Hall, but is less striking and elaborate in details. The interior comprises a long panelled gallery and a panelled hall, in which are family portraits; but the chief art treasure is the fine tapestry, copies of pictures by one of the old masters. This tapestry was discovered not long ago in a lumber-room over the drawing-room which is at present decorated with the same. There are tumuli close to the house, which are thought to indicate the site of the ancient castle. The village churchyard is entered from the castle grounds, through a pair of exquisitely wrought iron gates, and good authority has declared this church to be the best example of its style in the country. Though it is not of great antiquity, the present church is a reconstruction of a timber frame building of much older date.

The Right Hon. George Cecil Orlando Bridgeman, Viscount Newport, eldest son and heir to the Earl of Bradford, formerly Lord Chamberlain and Master of the Horse, was born in 1845, has been M.P. for North Shropshire, and was married to Lady Ida, daughter of the ninth Earl of Scarborough, on Sept. 7, 1869, so that their silver wedding day is favoured with the presence of their royal guests, the Duke and Duchess of York.

THE THAMES AND ISIS.

Although it is between Maidenhead and Henley, especially at Cliveden, and in the neighbourhood of Great Marlow, that the banks of the river are most celebrated for their woodland beauty, there is much to be enjoyed above Reading. Boating excursions to Mapledurham, and higher up to Pangbourne, a noted resort of anglers, can safely be recommended. Proceeding farther, the villages of Streatley and Goring, on opposite sides of the Thames, mark the approach to a part of the river which has an entirely rustic aspect, though at Goring the villas and mansions of London people are beginning to occupy the ground. Oxfordshire is entered by ascending the stream there styled the Isis, and assuming rather a semi-classical or academical character in nearing the University precincts. This change is very decided at Iffley Lock and Mill; though it is not in vacation time, but in the month of May, that college eights, practising for their races, have the water pretty well to themselves. At any time of summer or autumn, in fine weather, these are pleasant scenes.

FISHING ON THE BRITTANY COAST.

The sea fisheries off the coast of Brittany and the Channel Islands differ considerably from those of Cornwall, as deep water, strong currents, and a rocky bottom are less favourable to the use of nets than to angling or spearing from boats; but fish of large size are taken, especially fine grey and red mullet, John Dories, gurnet, and the huge conger-eel, which is three or four inches thick, and is often brought to market in West of England towns, where conger soup and conger pie have long been relished by folk of old-fashioned tastes. Lobsters and crabs are plentiful, and there is abundance of oysters and other shell-fish on the shores near St. Malo; the oysters of the Rocher de Cancale are celebrated among the epicures of Paris.

VIEWS ON THE TAMAR.

The steam-boat trip from the Hamoaze, or estuary of the Tamar at Devonport, up that river for twenty or twenty-five miles, to Calstock or to Weir Head, exhibits, after passing the great railway viaduct at Saltash, beautiful and romantic scenery, not excelled by any in the West or South of England. There is Pentillie Castle, situated amid high woodlands, looking down on the windings of the river; and just before reaching Calstock, the Tamar takes a sharp bend to the right, beyond which point, looking back towards Plymouth, there is a grand view down the river, with the fine woods of Cothele, belonging to the Earl of Mount-Edgcombe, on the right. Above Calstock, the hills and cliffs become more precipitous, the Morwell Rocks being the chief feature of this part of the river, though every part is full of interest. The trip ends at the lock just below the weir, this being the highest point which the tide reaches. Plymouth is an excellent centre for excursions both landward and seaward, but none surpass that up the river which divides the fair county of Devonshire from Cornwall.

"THE NEW WOMAN," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Sydney Grundy when he does hit, hits hard and straight from the shoulder. There comes a time when he is no respecter of persons or "coiner of sweet words." Whether his object of attack be a so-called critical enemy, or a critical ring, or the latest fashion in social absurdity, Mr. Grundy can deal the "swashing blow" with the best of us.

MISS EMERY
ACT 4

others maintain to be a mere windmill that has deceived many a Don Quixote as enthusiastic as a Grundy. Unquestionably in his fierce onslaught on "The New Woman" Mr. Grundy has given us some of the very best of his always good dramatic dialogue—terse, apposite, epigrammatic, invariably to the point, and witty. This author's satire is never disfigured with rudeness, nor are his epigrams fished out of old books and old plays, and served with modern sauce. Mr. Grundy's dialogue is not only sincere, but it is individual, and we have few writers for the stage who could give such sound and sterling stuff as is contained in the first act of "The New Woman."

It is, of course, open to doubt if the game was worth the candle, if the worst features of the "New Woman" deserved so much powder and shot with a dash of vitriol thrown in, or if a serious comedy was the right medium in which to work in order once more to show up the ludicrous side of this, the latest of the many new movements.

In days gone by the "sunflower aesthete," the towzled lady who "lived up to her blue china," and all the Maudie and Postlethwaite crew with their cant of "preciousness" and attire of velvet knickerbockers, would have died a natural death; and would have perished of inanition even without Mr. Burnand's famous "Colonel." That popular play did not kill them, but it gave them the *coup de grâce*, and Mr. Burnand surely proved that

MISS EMERY
ACT 3

MR. TERRY

somewhat of a prig, with little of the manliness of a man and many of the vanities of a woman, is temporarily swayed by a woman of pure intellect. Their attachment is externally one of mutual interest and worldly concern, but if the woman's character were properly drawn or adequately explained it is a union of concealed passion. This the woman ought to show and the man ought to feel. Suddenly the man, who is weak, veers round and is infatuated by maiden innocence. The experienced married woman pleases him not, but the "simple maiden in her flower" intoxicates him. He lives to discover his mistake. Sweet seventeen, yesterday a brief madness, is now to the thinking man an unutterable bore. He positively loathes what he previously adored. All this is natural, had indeed the "Mapledurham maiden" been a bit of a hoyden before as well as after married life and its experiences. There was no reason why it should not have been so even for the purposes of Mr. Grundy's dramatic scheme. A blind and infatuated lover does not see or feel the faults and solecisms in the nature of the girl he woos, but he awakens to the contemplation of them all in an aggravated form when the first flush of the dream

is better to laugh these people out of court than to hiss them from their self-assumed positions. While the new play on modern women deals solely with the chaff and ridicule of obvious affectations, all goes well, and the ball of fun is tossed about merrily enough. Indeed, I think that the audience would have been far better pleased if the three little strong-minded ladies—the lady doctor and the lady journalist and the lady prig—had been lengthened and elaborated. The sudden exit of the lady smoker was a dangerous experiment, but it was so neatly and cleverly done by Miss Gertrude Warden that there was "no offence in't" whatever. In fact, so long as Miss Rose Leclercq with her exquisitely old-fashioned grace, Mr. Cyril Maude with his chirpy common-sense and his Joey Bagstock manner, as well as the three little midgets and mosquitoes of ladies, were on the stage, the audience tingled to the fun and were exhilarated by it.

It was only when the author put the satire and the chaff on one side, and became desperately in earnest, that some of us could not quite conscientiously follow him. The heroine, played so delightfully by Miss Winifred Emery, ever a picture within a picture, the perfection of sweetness, grace, and naturalness in woman, is charmingly drawn, though men of experience will not wholly endorse her ethics, or believe with her that rent, twisted, and tangled matrimonial cords can be adjusted and smoothed out by the simple process of "as you were." This is the severe difficulty of life. Accidentally or not, I do not myself think that the character of Mrs. Sylvester is so well or boldly drawn as some of the others. At any rate, Miss Alma Murray does not strongly interest us or impress us with the woman. I am convinced that the play would be more interesting to the ordinary spectator if Mrs. Sylvester, the earnest not frivolous type of the "New Woman," could have been made more sympathetic. The situation is simply this: The hero, who is

MISS WINIFRED EMERY
MARGERYMISS ALMA MURRAY
MRS. SYLVESTERMR. FRED TERRY
GERALD CAZENOVE

is over. Few men who live would not have been aggravated to death with such an irritating puss as the "Mapledurham maiden" is made to be after marriage. Even a censorious world would have justified his reversion

MISS ROSE LECLERCQ
LADY WARGRAVE

to the serious woman of intellect after such a worrying life. Who would not, for instance, have excused David Copperfield if he had reverted to Agnes even during the life-time of a brainless Dora? But then Mrs. Sylvester is not so well or so naturally drawn, from a woman's point of view, as Agnes is drawn by Dickens. However, there is the climax, and a very proper, natural, and dramatic climax it is. A man so weak and characterless as Gerald Cazenove would doubtless veer once more round like a weathercock, and, leaving the intellectual woman of passion, would revert to the broken-hearted wife. Possibly they might be tolerably happy after all. In a certain way the "Mapledurham maiden" might forget that the man she adored had called her "hopeless" and "impossible," and ridiculed her love to a proud and clever rival. But it would never have been the same love that Gerald lost by his infidelity. Women are wonderful forgivers, and are clever enough to blind men with their forgiveness, but it is "never the same again."

And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

There were possibilities of a plausible existence in the future between Gerald the prig and Margery the mirthful. A man as vain as Gerald would not possibly appreciate the lost gift of

love never to be restored. Only very sensitive men do this. But the reunion that is absolutely impossible in this play is that between Mrs. Sylvester, with the strong intellect and the concealed passion, and her absolutely unintellectual and unsensitively husband. You might just as well try to mix oil with water. Such lives as these must be spent for ever apart, and are irreconcilable. And this is why I think that the blot in the new and very clever play is the faulty drawing of Mrs. Sylvester. I can read Margery like a book. I wish I could so read Mrs. Sylvester, for I think she might be made a magnificent character. If we are to discuss the "New Woman," let her be fairly discussed. The midgets and mosquitoes and faddy feminists are all very well and proper objects for chaff. But Mrs. Sylvester might have been a true as well as a new woman, and thus show us the earnest side of the movement in contrast to the ridiculous side of it, which has been in the hands of writers for comic journals long enough to grow stale.

MR. CYRIL MAUDE
MR. JOEY BAGSTOCK



AFTER CHURCH.

PERSONAL.

Lord Bury, who about thirty years ago was a politician of some promise among the Whig party in the



Photo by F. Thurston.
THE LATE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

House of Commons, and held office as Under-Secretary for War in Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry, was equally noted as a zealous and active promoter of the Volunteer Rifle movement, and as the author of plans for improving military organisation. He has died at the age of sixty-two as Earl of Albemarle, having in 1891 succeeded his father, the sixth Earl, but having sat in the House of Lords, summoned as Lord Ashford, since 1876. The peerage was conferred by King William III. upon one of his trusty Dutch followers, Arnold Joost van Keppel, Lord of Voorst, two of whose descendants, Admiral Lord Keppel and Lieutenant-General Keppel, third Earl of Albemarle, rendered considerable services to the naval and military successes of this kingdom in the last century. The late Earl took much interest also in Colonial affairs, having married a daughter of Sir Allan McNab, some time Prime Minister of Canada. He is succeeded by his son, who has been M.P. for Birkenhead.

If the Emperor of China is going to decorate his officers every time they report a victory over the Japanese he will soon exhaust the ingenuity of appreciation. Seven hundred officers are said to have received an imperial recognition of their prowess in purely imaginary conflicts. As the Emperor is always bestowing marks of his esteem on people who have not earned them and taking away Yellow Riding Jackets and Magenta Waistcoats from his principal Viceroy, he must find the distribution of rewards and punishments rather fatiguing. So far nothing is certain in this strange conflict between China and Japan except the total untrustworthiness of the news from either side. For aught that is absolutely known there may be no war at all. Perhaps his Celestial Majesty is being merely amused, like a child with a box of soldiers. The Mikado has one advantage over his imperial rival, for he does actually mingle with his troops, and has even been seen at a military picnic. The Chinese Emperor, on the other hand, dwells in strict seclusion, from which he issues decrees which display sublime ignorance.

Lewis Carroll, who is known in the circles of scholarship and divinity as the Rev. Mr. Dodgson, is said to be engaged on a work designed to adapt the principles of logic to the understanding of children. The children will probably say that they prefer the reasoning of the Mad Hatter. This would be a sad blow to Mr. Dodgson, who is understood to regard the popularity of "Alice in Wonderland" as a lamentable drawback to his serious diversions. However, no man can write a book of that kind with impunity, and if Lewis Carroll really wanted to be taken gravely as a divine and a logician, he should have thought of this sooner.

A new terror has been added to religious instruction in the public elementary schools by the revelations of Mr. John Lobb. Mr. Lobb says that the Progressive party endeavoured to strike out "Conservative Prophets" from the Bible curriculum in the Board Schools and substitute "Radical Prophets." This, says Mr. Lobb, was an attempt to introduce party politics into the religious course. The accusation is so remarkable that the public will be indebted to Mr. Lobb if he will furnish some details. Who are the Tory writers in the Old Testament and who are the Radicals, and how do their opinions bear upon our party politics? Election agents will be glad to have full information on these points, for to placard a quotation from the Old Testament at a critical moment might have a great effect on a doubtful poll. Hitherto the most ingenious partisan has not thought of citing any of the Prophets in support, let us say, of the Budget, or against Home Rule. Mr. Lobb must really favour us with particulars.

Does Mr. Andrew Carnegie really imagine that people in England know nothing about the price of clothing in America? He tells a story of an Englishman who wore a suit which had cost seven pounds, and was staggered by the information that an American friend's "smart suit" had cost only eighteen shillings. But as the "smart suit" was bought from a "slop-seller," the particular comparison does not hold water, for anybody who knows the Minorities could tell Mr. Carnegie where to get an English "smart suit" for considerably less than the sum he mentions. Moreover, it is notorious that our American visitors always lay in a stock of English clothes for economy's sake. Mr. Carnegie's zeal for the enlightenment of England about the superiority of America is not inspired by knowledge.

There are bitter complaints again about some of the frequenters of the British Museum Reading-Room. They have no occupation, and use the Reading-Room as a casual ward. They may be seen slumbering over old volumes of frivolous periodicals, or gathering studious books, for no other purpose, apparently, than that of keeping them from people who really want to read them. In a word, the Reading-Room is a kind of Salvation Army shelter, without the salvation. It might seem a harsh thing to exclude

forlorn persons who make the Museum a daily lodging-house, but, as it is not maintained at the public expense for that purpose, the authorities, simply in the interests of genuine students, ought to impose some effectual restrictions on the admission of mere loafers.

This is the season which brings on our devoted heads a miscellaneous correspondence in the newspapers about everything under the sun. One of the most daring of the epistolary oracles has denied that cycling is a healthy pastime. He says that any group of cyclists alighting at a roadside inn is sure to consist of "pasty-faced," narrow-chested creatures, obviously suffering from nervous exhaustion, but unwilling to admit it. As may be imagined, this has provoked a storm of denial. Troops of cyclists have written letters to say that they are pictures of robust health. It would make very little difference in the popularity of cycling if they were otherwise. The wheelman will continue his wild career whether he is "pasty faced" or beaming with a florid bloom. The real mischief of cycling is that it has degenerated to a great extent into a mere competition of record-breakers. The cyclist is not content with exercise; he burns to emulate the prowess of Shorland, and to carry physical endurance to the point which makes him a rival of the fasting man.

The Post Office seems to be in a pleasing state of uncertainty about the new postcards. The public are told that they may send their own cards through the post for a halfpenny, but as the regulation is of the vaguest character nobody understands it, and the officials themselves interpret it according to individual taste and fancy. Some cards are allowed to pass in one district, but are surcharged a penny in another, and when St. Martin's-le-Grand is asked to explain, the answer is that it is waiting to see what particular cards the public prefer. This is as good as a play, to quote the immortal words of Lord Clanricarde about the evictions on his estate. One certainty is that while ladies' visiting cards may pass as postcards, gentlemen's visiting cards are taboo. Very properly the Post Office declines to carry for a halfpenny the infinitesimal piece of pasteboard which a man hands about among his friends. But when and how it is to be decided what kind of card is lawful for the new service remains a matter of pure conjecture. Some exacting people think that the Post Office ought to know its own mind before making any change, but this will be met by Mr. Arnold Morley and his subordinates with the complaint: "And yet we are always told that we are so dictatorial!"

There is an entirely unfounded apprehension in some minds that the Postmaster-General is contemplating a Sunday delivery of letters in the metropolis. Whatever might be the conveniences of such a measure, there is absolutely no reason to believe that it is demanded by public opinion. Londoners manage very well without their letters on Sunday, and are, on the whole, better for an interval in the most acute form of modern worry. As for the postmen, it is needless to say that the most over-worked class of the public servants is by no means eager for an increase of labour which would certainly not be accompanied by any adequate increase of pay.

The theft of three mail-bags from the General Post Office on Sept. 1 may be the cause of an immense number of misunderstandings and misfortunes. Lovers may be separated for ever, if we are to believe a very popular plot in fiction, whereby the non-receipt of a letter is a sufficient reason for this result. Needy households may wait in vain with anxious expectation for cheques which never arrive. Commercial houses may be inconvenienced to an extraordinary degree by this impudent stealing of the mail-bags and their contents. They had been removed from the collecting van and deposited in a lobby, where a messenger failed to find them later on. He concluded that the bags had been taken by another messenger, and did not trouble to report the loss. Consequently, the thief has had some hours' advantage in getting away.

The Army Medical Department not unfrequently exhibits instances of distinguished military valour, as well as of professional skill and administrative ability. The late Surgeon-Major John Frederick McCrea, born at Madras forty years ago, passed nearly his whole active life in South Africa, having volunteered in 1879 for service in the Zulu War. In the Basuto War, two years afterwards, which campaign he



Photo by B. Collenette.
THE LATE SURGEON-MAJOR J. F. MCCREA, V.C.

attended as surgeon to the 1st Cape Mounted Yeomanry, he performed an act of signal personal bravery on the field of Tweefontein, near Thaba Tsew. The small European force engaged had met with a repulse, and had been driven back with a loss of sixteen killed and twenty-one wounded. Surgeon McCrea, assisted by Captain Buxton, of the Mafeking contingent, then went out, under a heavy fire, to rescue the wounded. He was himself severely wounded by a bullet in the right breast, which did not prevent him from continuing his work that day, being the only medical officer present. The Victoria Cross was bestowed upon him for this action. He afterwards held appointments in the Cape Colony, married a daughter of Mr. Charles Watermeyer, of East Griqualand, and recently did some political service, as Commissioner, in the annexation of Pondoland, on the east coast of South Africa.

The Marquis of Dufferin never disappoints an audience on the rare occasions when he can be persuaded to discourse on literature. His presidential address, delivered to the Library Association of the United Kingdom on Sept. 4, was full of those happy phrases which pass so quickly into current coinage. Libraries, said the Marquis, were not only the treasure-houses of the past, but they were also the arsenals of the future. The librarians assembled in Belfast must have been delighted with the charm of a speech from a man who has divided his life between literature and diplomacy, and whose latest contribution to the former has exhibited the genius of a true bibliophile. Lord Dufferin told some excellent stories, which are worthy to rank with the well-known catalogue reference which followed "Mill on Liberty" with "Ditto on the Floss." One was concerning an obviously intelligent gentleman who, having accidentally come across a copy of Shakspeare, ordered his bookseller to send in his next parcel of new publications whatever fresh work might appear from the pen of the same author, as, in his opinion, he was a very entertaining fellow.

Mr. William Black, who many years ago was connected with the *Daily News*, has an opportunity for a companion volume to "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," to be entitled "The Strange Adventures of a Cheque." The liberality of Lord Tweedmouth and of Mr. Gladstone, who each sent a cheque for £100 to the Parliamentary Fund of the Irish party, has led to angry recriminations, recalling "Committee Room No. 15." Another consequence of these gifts has been a reckless expenditure on telegrams passing between the leading members of the party. The cheques have aided in lighting a fire of disagreement, and the senders of them must now wish they had never drawn them. A peaceful solution of the difficulty would be to hand the cheques over to the hospitals for which a street collection has recently taken place in Dublin.

Mr. Walter Hazell, who was returned on Aug. 29 as the colleague of Mr. Henry Broadhurst in the representation



Photo by Elliott and Fry.
MR. WALTER HAZELL, M.P.

of Leicester, is not new to public life, although he enters Parliament for the first time. The only son of the late Mr. Jonathan Hazell, he was born in London, Jan. 1, 1843. At the age of twenty he joined the printing firm which has since developed into Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Limited, of which company Mr. Hazell is the chairman. The new member for Leicester has, with the cordial co-operation of his esteemed partners, done far more than most "captains of industry" to maintain intimate and beneficent relations with the company's staff, which exceeds a thousand persons. There is an institute and sports ground connected with the Aylesbury works, and the annual dramatic entertainments by the staff have long been a feature in the old county town. More than two hundred employes are shareholders in the company, and the profit-sharing scheme has been a model to many other firms. Mr. Hazell has, outside of commerce, worked hard for the public in various channels. He was one of the founders, and has long been the treasurer, of the Fresh Air Mission, which sends annually three thousand London children into the country. He is an energetic promoter of the Self-Help Emigration Society, and has visited Australia and Canada, so as to gain complete knowledge of Greater Britain. The original notion of "dinner-hour concerts" for working men was successfully initiated by him, and has been imitated in America. His own omnivorous appetite for information led to the publication of "Hazell's Annual." He is an ardent believer in International Arbitration, and is Treasurer of the Peace Society. Leicester is thus represented by a useful man, of whom the constituency may well be proud. For the sake of the Press Gallery, it is to be hoped that Mr. Hazell will moderate his speed of utterance.

It is understood that Miss Marion Terry will play Miss Ellen Terry's parts for a short time during the tour of the Lyceum company in the provinces. Miss Marion Terry is a charming actress, with much of her sister's delicate sensibility. Since her withdrawal from the St. James's company she has been seen only in an Adelphi melodrama, hopelessly unsuited to her extremely natural style. As Mr. Irving is not now in possession of his own theatre, he has been conducting rehearsals at the Cavendish Rooms.

The Turf is appearing in a new light which must be interesting to the Anti-Gambling League. It is announced that a number of French sportsmen have entered their names for a steeplechase at Berlin. This is the first conspicuous sign of amicable relations between France and Germany since the war. A few years ago Frenchmen would have been indignant at the idea of exhibiting their horsemanship to a German crowd in the Prussian capital. It is not so long since French artists refused to send their pictures to a Berlin exhibition. But quite recently French actors have so far softened their patriotic animus as to visit Munich, and now French sportsmen have boldly cleared the barriers of international enmity. All this is a decided gain to the cause of European peace, and even the strongest opponent of the Turf must admit that in this instance it is actually taking the lead in a work of civilisation. It may be hoped that the French riders will have a due measure of success at Berlin, otherwise the Chauvinism of the boulevards may be revived by the chagrin of failure.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral Castle, accompanied by Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne).

The Prince of Wales is at Homburg; the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud arrived in Copenhagen on Saturday morning, Sept. 1, from St. Petersburg, and proceeded to the summer residence of the Danish royal family. The Prince of Wales joins his family there on Sept. 15. He has been met at Homburg by his sisters, the Empress Frederick and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

The Duke and Duchess of York visit Birmingham on Saturday, Sept. 8, to lay the foundation-stone of the new General Hospital, and will also visit Liverpool, before they go to Scotland.

The Duchess of Albany, with her children, is staying at Birk Hall, Aberfeldie, near Balmoral; and it is said that her sister, the Queen Regent Emma of the Netherlands, and the young Queen Wilhelmina, are expected there on a private visit.

The polling on Wednesday, Aug. 29, for the election of two members for Leicester, in the place of Sir James Whitehead and Mr. Picton, resulted as follows: H. Broadhurst (Gladstonian), 9464; W. Hazell (Gladstonian), 7184; J. F. L. Rolleston (Unionist), 6967; J. Burgess (Labour),

for posting up bills menacing the local police and defending the crime of Caserio. They had, moreover, prepared a dangerous bomb, which they had tested under the cliffs of La Hève.

The anniversary of Sedan was celebrated in the usual fashion in Germany on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 1 and 2. At Charlottenburg monuments of the Emperor William I. and the Empress Augusta, in the Royal Mausoleum, were consecrated in presence of the Emperor and Empress and several other members of the royal family. These two monuments, the work of Professor Encke, are placed in a chapel attached to that in which are the tombs of King Frederick William III. and Queen Louisa. They are marble statues, recumbent; the old Emperor lying bareheaded in his uniform of the 1st Regiment of Guards, with a cloak of imperial ermine about his shoulders, and in his hands the sword of State, with laurel leaves wound round the hilt. The late Empress wears an imperial diadem and a veil of fine lace; in her hands she holds a crucifix, and passion flowers are scattered in the folds of her dress. At the door of the chapel stands an archangel with a flaming sword.

The Emperor William II. visited Königsberg, in East Prussia, on Tuesday, Sept. 4, to unveil another monument of his grandfather.

In Morocco, Mr. Reader, clerk to the British Minister

Japanese forces now in Corea, over 30,000 men, mostly infantry and artillery, are on their way north.

A terrible fire has occurred on the Canton River among the flower-boats which form the permanent dwelling of a large number of the population. Hundreds of the flower-boats were destroyed, and fully one thousand natives must have perished. The boats were moored stem and stern, in rows, and the flames spread with such rapidity that many of the craft were fully alight and their occupants overcome before the boats could be cut from their moorings and pushed out into the open water.

In North America, terrible forest fires, over a vast extent in the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota, between Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, have devastated the country, destroying many villages and small towns, and causing the loss of at least four hundred lives, with cruel sufferings to thousands of people. This took place on Friday, Aug. 31, and the next day. The towns of Baronette, Granite Lake, Cumberland, Pineville, Comstock, Forest City, Riblake, Bradshaw, Marengo, Spooner, and Cadott were almost entirely destroyed. In Minnesota, the towns of Hinckley, Shellake, Pokegama, Sandstone Junction, and Cromwell were burned to the ground. In the counties of Kennebec and Carlton hardly one village was left standing. At Hinckley, many of the inhabitants were burned in their houses. The engine-house of the Great Northern Railroad alone remained. Two hundred



CASTLE BROMWICH, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, VISITED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

4402. The legality of the election is disputed, on account of the nominations of candidates for the two vacant seats not having been made separately.

The result of the polling among the Scotch coal-miners on strike was made known on Thursday, Aug. 30. It was to decide whether the strike should be continued till the shilling a day reduction be restored, or whether the men would return to work wherever the employers would restore sixpence per day of the reduction, the wages being fixed at this rate for two years, this being the recommendation of the executive of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. The latter course was voted by a majority of 25,417 to 20,942. Many colliers had resumed work before the ballot was taken. The large iron and coal masters say that they can neither restore the sixpence of the shilling reduction which is stipulated for, nor guarantee fixed wages for a certain period.

Attempts by pickets to prevent men from resuming work were made at two pits in Lanarkshire, but were suppressed by the police, though not without some sharp collisions with the strikers. The Fife and Clackmannan coalowners have refused to concede the terms of the English Conciliation Board.

There is little French news this week. A profligate priest, the Abbé Bruneau, who had been a curé in the Mayenne, was guillotined at Laval for the murder of his rector, the Abbé Fricot. The execution was witnessed by a large crowd, who insulted the culprit. A proposal is made to have executions conducted in private, as now in England.

Two Anarchists were sentenced at Havre respectively to two years' and eighteen months' imprisonment,

at Tangier, was assaulted by some Moorish fanatics near the Legation a few days ago, but sustained no personal injury. The Moorish authorities have promised to punish the offenders.

The Sultan of Turkey has, it is said, issued a diplomatic Note to protest against the Italian occupation of Kassala. This Note recalls the occupation of Massowah, which was the first step taken by Italy in the way of usurpation. It states once more that Kassala, an essential part of the Egyptian Soudan, is by that very fact an Ottoman possession; and, finally, it expresses the hope that Italy will not delay to set a limit to its occupation.

There is a good deal of uneasiness among the European residents at Tientsin on account of the hostility to foreigners displayed by the new and undisciplined Chinese soldiery levied for the war with Japan. In consequence of the representations of these foreign residents, war-vessels have been sent to that port by Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, and the United States.

On Aug. 31 there were reports that fourteen Japanese ships with over 4000 troops on board were attacking Port Arthur. The Chinese garrison there is 5000 strong. The reported attack is now reduced to a mere reconnaissance. The Japanese are stated to have found the landward defences too strong, and to have retired without attacking. The Chinese Government has issued an imperial decree, ordering a forced loan of 10,000,000 taels.

Dispatches received at Tokio from Chemulpo state that Japanese reinforcements, consisting of 6000 men and 300 horses, have been landed at that port. They were conveyed in eleven transports, escorted by five ships of war. Of the

men and women took refuge in it, and, though nearly suffocated, escaped with their lives. Many fled to a swamp across the Grindstone River, and here, in an area of five acres, a hundred and thirty corpses have been found. It is stated that nearly three hundred persons lost their lives at Hinckley, and that six hundred men, women, and children are wandering about in utter destitution.

The Dutch East Indies Government, comprising Java and the neighbouring islands of Bali, Lombok, and Sumbawai, to the east, besides great portions of Sumatra and Borneo, and the Banca isles, to the north of Batavia, has experienced a temporary military disaster in Lombok. There is a native rebellion in that island, aided by the Balinese. In a recent conflict, a small Dutch force was defeated, and most of the officers, with about 140 soldiers, were killed. The enemy are strengthening their position on the west side of Mataram, which faces the island of Bali. The Dutch gun-boats are bombarding Mataram, Kampong, and Tanabat. Additional troops have been sent. In Holland, this untoward event has cast a gloom over the whole country, and the customary State banquet and other festivities in honour of Queen Wilhelmina's birthday have been countermanded.

Near the Portuguese East African town of Lourenço Marquez, Delagoa Bay, a native insurrection has broken out.

Among the sketches of Chinese life and manners on another page of this week's publication, one is inserted, and accidentally called "A Chinese House-boat," which belongs properly to Japan, the scene represented being on the Sumida River, or ornamental water of the public park at Tokio, the Japanese capital city.



TIENTSIN, AT THE MOUTH OF THE PEIHO RIVER, ON THE WAY TO PEKIN.
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. W. SIMPSON.



PROMENADE AND OLD PIER, MORECAMBE BAY, NEAR THE SCENE OF THE LATE BOATING DISASTER.
Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

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BY MRS W. K. CLIFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

AUTHOR OF "MRS. KEITH'S CRIME," "AUNT ANNE," &C.

CHAPTER XIV.

She stopped by the steps and looked up at him. "Would you mind," she said gently, "not telling the Mummy before lunch? It has been all so strange and sudden. I don't think I could face her if you did. Let it be till this evening." For answer he nodded his head and lagged behind.

She went up to her own room—that room in which she had thought over many things and lived a lifetime while she looked out at the plains of Lombardy—and shut the door and put her hands to her head and tried to realise whether she was awake or dreaming. So many conflicting emotions beset her that her brain was in a whirl; and yet, almost against her will, her poor human heart beat for joy. For did not Jim Alford love her best in the world, and want to

marry her—to spend his whole life with her? Only the terrible mistake that had been made for her—she had not made it for herself—stood between her and that great happiness. But she could not dwell on the mistake now, for the intoxication of the moment rose above her knowledge of the impossibilities. Never once in her whole life had she been loved before—her cheeks burnt for joy and shame together while she remembered it. Was it wrong? How could it be—this thing that was true? Neither he nor she would do anything wrong for the world.

Then she remembered his coldness, and her heart stood still; perhaps he would refuse to be friends again—the friends they had been. She did not think she could bear that. And yet, for she felt that she must look things

in the face, suppose he did remain distant and angry? It would break her heart. She could be content knowing that he loved her and disguised his love with friendship, though they were a thousand miles apart, but not if he were changed towards her. But of course he would change towards her if she declared she loved him and yet refused to marry him. What could he think but that she did not care for him so much as for her liberty, or so much as he did for her—he who wanted her for his whole life? She seemed to live hours while one possibility after another presented itself to her whirling brain. In the first moment of wild excitement she had had an idea that he would forget his proposal after a little while, and go back to the old footing, and they would be closer, happier friends than ever,



"Oh, Miss Bennett," she said. "I meant to have gone to you this morning, but we went out early to make that sketch from the top."

with the exquisite knowledge at their hearts that they loved each other. "But no, no!" she shook her head, and realised that they could never go back to it. Something in space that was like a whisper from the world told her so. They would remember that morning all their lives and hunger for more than had before contented them. "And we might have been so happy, life might have been such a wonderful thing. It is for people who feel as we do that marriage was made, not for cruel or worldly people to gain money or position by," and she burst into passionate tears. "I ought to tell him! It would be fairer—it would be right—even though it kills me, he ought to know!" But her courage failed her as she said it. He would think her so wicked, and never understand how she, a girl who had travelled alone to Italy and unafraid of the world, had been kept down and cowed in the old Shooter's Hill days. He would never understand the insults and sneers, apart from the blows that had brought about the crisis of Montague Place.

Then the Mummy. She would have to know, and had she not said that nothing justified a woman in leaving her husband? They would send her back—the Mummy and Jim—they would despise her and send her back. Perhaps they would think it a duty to write to Mr. Belcher. Her heart grew cold at the thought. She felt that she would rather live any lonely or miserable life that could be devised for her on this earth than go back to Mr. Belcher. She would infinitely rather die. She got up and stood by the bed, looking out dismayed into space. The great joy of earth had come to her—the joy of being loved by the man to whom her heart was given, but it brought her only trouble and difficulty; she had to put it aside for the sake of a tie, that was only an idea. All trace of her marriage to Mr. Belcher had vanished so completely from her surroundings, and even from her thoughts of late, that it had become like a dream to her, or like a nightmare that would only return to a sleeper who dared to shut his eyes. "Oh, life is the strangest thing in the world," she said to herself, and looked out of window for a moment almost beseechingly, as if asking the world she saw from it, to give her counsel. Then the door opened, and Miss Bennett looked in. She was pale and haggard. Katherine saw it with a start, and chokingly pushed her own interests aside.

"Oh, Miss Bennett," she said. "I meant to have gone to you this morning, but we went out early to make that sketch from the top. I fear we didn't get much done," and she looked ruefully at the block she had thrown carelessly on the table; "but I will try and finish it to-morrow. Sit here by the window, you look so very tired."

"I have had a pleasant surprise and wanted to tell you. Never mind about the sketch. I daresay I should only give it away," she added, with her usual lack of graciousness. "I am going from here in a few days—in fact, as soon as I can get away," and a smile broke over her face.

"Something has happened to you," Katherine said wonderingly. "Something that pleases you."

"Yes, it has. Perhaps it will please you, too, for you offered to lend me your money."

"I wish you had taken it."

Miss Bennett shook her head. "I couldn't take it from a girl. You may have little enough, for all I know. This morning I had a letter. Look!" She took a registered envelope from her pocket. It contained bank-notes for a hundred pounds; on a sheet of paper that inclosed them were the words, *With best wishes*. Katherine felt a throb of joy go through her, for she understood—Jim had done it, she was certain of it. She remembered the expression on his face the other night, when he said that it must be a bad thing to be dying and stranded; and his mother had often told her of his easy generosity. Oh, yes, it was he beyond all doubt. She counted up the days that had intervened—the days of bad weather—since that talk to which he had never afterwards alluded. There had been just time for him to write home and direct the money to be sent in this manner. "Yes, it is Jim," she said to herself, while the tears came into her eyes. "It is like you, and I am proud of you, and love you. Oh! you must never know how I have deceived you. I will go away at once." She almost started at the idea—it would solve so many difficulties. Then she stooped and kissed Miss Bennett from sheer gratitude, for had not the sick woman given her the knowledge of this good deed?

"I don't know where they came from," Miss Bennett said. "They may be a gift, or the payment of a debt. I had just fifty pounds left, and had written home for it. Now, perhaps, I shall have enough when my bill is paid to last me till I die."

Someone walked along the corridor outside, half hesitated, and went downstairs. Katherine felt certain that it was Jim: she knew his step.

"Oh, don't talk of dying," she said gently. "Life is sweet at its worst, and you may get well. Tell me where you are going."

"To Italy. Perhaps I shall live through the winter. When I am much worse, my sister will come, but she will not be able to stay long."

Katherine knew what she meant. This planned meeting of life and death made her shudder.

"But where, precisely, are you going?" she asked. "And are you going alone?"

"There is a woman I know—she has a little pension on the Italian Riviera—at Alassio. It is just a little place, and hardly anyone has heard of it. She and I have known each other for years, and she does not talk. I want to be with someone who is silent."

"But you can't go alone?"

"I must, and this money makes it possible."

"Let me take you!" Katherine exclaimed. "I am going from here; I want to go. Oh, do let me take you. I couldn't bear to think of you on your way alone."

"I thought you were going to marry Mrs. Alford's son."

"No, that is impossible; and they are going home very

soon. Let me take you to Alassio; I won't talk; I will be very silent. And I want to go to some little Italian place—that has been my intention, but it must be a place where there are no English at all. Perhaps I might find one near you; then I should see you sometimes in the winter."

"I should like to see you; you are a good girl, and mean well," Miss Bennett said, and Katherine heard her with infinite gratitude. "There is an hotel half a mile out of Alassio, low down on the shore. It has an orange garden, the large stone I know, and the mountains rise up beyond. It might do for you, and I have heard that it is cheap: women who are alone never have any money," she added with grim sarcasm. "Or a mile farther on is Laigneglia. There are no English there, and very few Italians—only a cracked white marble church, a few ruined houses and desolate gardens."

"When shall you be ready to go?"

Miss Bennett answered quickly: "Directly—in a day or two—as soon as I have packed my things; they will not take long—there are only those two little boxes. But if you can't be ready so soon I will wait. After all it doesn't matter," and her momentary excitement died away.

"I will tell you after lunch, or at tea-time if that will do, when I can be ready." Katherine followed the direction of Miss Bennett's eyes and saw Jim Alford taking the downward path towards Mendrisio. "Perhaps he is going away to avoid me," she thought, catching her breath. "I will go when you like," she said, turning to Miss Bennett. "Hark! there is the luncheon bell. Let us go down," she cried eagerly.

Mrs. Alford was taking her place at table.

"Has Jim gone away?" Katherine asked breathlessly.

"No, my dear," the old lady said, looking up with mild surprise; "he has only gone out for a couple of hours because he wanted to be alone. He will be back by three o'clock; but he talks of going to Milan for a few days. I wish he would wait for me," she added. "This is quite a sudden freak."

"I will go first," Katherine thought.

CHAPTER XV.

"But my dear," Mrs. Alford said bewildered, "Jim will be miserable when you are gone, and so shall I." This was a couple of hours after lunch, while they sat together in the sitting-room that had gradually become home-like.

"You will have him to take care of you," Katherine answered; "he has only a few months more to be with you. They will be better without a third person, dear Mummy; and I must journey on. Some day I shall see you again, I hope."

"But you may not see him again for years."

"I know," she said, in a voice that she could not keep steady, for though she had faced this possibility in her own room, it was harder to hear it put into words—they brought her knowledge of how difficult it would be to tear her life away from him. What! never to see him again or to hear his laugh, or to walk beside him, or to read Browning—had he not told her how dangerous it was? He was going back to England and then to India, and she—Heaven alone knew where; and the beginning of this state of things was only a day or two distant: it came upon her with an overwhelming sense that was not to be borne. She could not live entirely without him. They must be friends, very great friends. Nothing else was possible, and even that was almost impossible while the secret of her life remained one. "I don't suppose," she went on in a dazed voice, "I shall ever see him again after I leave here."

"Tell me," said the old lady, taking her hands and trying to look into her face, "tell me why you are going—is my boy nothing to you? I have been hoping that you were a great deal to each other."

Katherine hesitated for a moment, and then answered simply and out of a full heart, "I think there is no one in the wide world like him, but it can't make any difference, Mummy dear. I can never go to England again while I live."

"Were you treated so very cruelly, my child?"

"I was very miserable there," she answered, and she thought "Oh, if I could only tell her—if I could only tell her! But she would never forgive me; and she would send me back."

"But your uncle is in Australia?"

"It makes no difference, Mummy!" for latterly she had quite dropped the more formal address, "I want you to promise me something—it is not to tell anyone in England that you ever met anyone called by my name."

"My dear, what do you mean?"

"Only—if I were discovered I should die; that is why I cannot go back."

"You are not giving me all your confidence," the old lady said gravely.

"No, and I cannot," there was almost agony in her voice. "I have learnt many things in this last year," she went on, "and one is that people are judged not by the intention in their conduct, but by its effect."

"I do not understand you, my dear," and Mrs. Alford drew back coldly.

"Oh, don't, don't!" Katherine cried. "Love me a little while longer, I am going away in two or three days! Only while I am here, Mummy dear, so that the memory of it is not spoilt—won't you?" She took the old lady's hands and kissed them. "I always told you that I was a waif; perhaps you had better forget all about me when I go, as you would about a waif who has gone on into the distance or the crowd. Oh, here is Jim! Jim," she said excitedly, "Mummy is angry with me," and she put her arms round the old lady's neck and kissed her. "This dear Mummy, who has been so kind to me, kinder than anyone else in the wide world, and given me more happiness than I ever knew in all my life before—enough to last me all my life. I have not done any harm, dear Mummy, I have not indeed—you needn't look so coldly at me. Jim," she said, turning to him quickly, "I want to talk to you all by myself. I may, may I not, dear Mummy? Shall we go to the farm once more, you and I, and get the cream for tea? They

will want their tea, you know, Jim, and we sha'n't be able to go again, for I am going away—"

"Going away!"

"Yes, with Miss Bennett. I will tell you on the way to the farm. Oh, do let us go," she pleaded, for she fancied that he hesitated, "just for a last, last time along the little pathway. I will get my hat at once." She put her cheek lovingly against the old lady's for a moment, then fled along the corridor.

"Jim," Mrs. Alford said to her son, "I think I know that child's secret, the Ogre ill-treated her and she ran away."

"Well, he is safe in Australia now—and I'll try what I can do this afternoon."

"I am ready, I am quite ready," Katherine said appearing at the doorway. He crossed over to her quickly and they set off together, down the stairs and out of the hotel and towards the farm. "You are angry, I know you are angry," she said, still speaking breathlessly, "you and the Mummy are both changing to me at the same moment."

"Changing!" he said, "when only this morning I told you how much I loved you." He turned and looked at her, and she saw the expression on his face and faltered.

"And I love you, Jim dear," she said, looking back at him with her blue eyes full of tears. "And I love you, God knows! I do, only indeed you mustn't ask me to marry you."

He shook his head. "You are not treating me fairly, Kathy," he said tenderly, but she knew by his tone that he meant what he said.

"But can't you feel that I love you, can't you hear it in my voice, don't you know it?" she asked desperately.

"I do," he said, "and that makes it all the more strange."

"Doesn't it satisfy you, as the knowledge of your love shall satisfy me? Why must it be marriage or nothing at all?" and she drew closer to him, for they were on the narrow pathway going towards the farm, and not a soul was within sight nor sound of them. "Why can't we be friends—very dear friends—all our lives? We might be just like brother and sister—you never had a sister of your very own—"

"Nonsense," he said, and put his arm round her shoulder, but she shook it off quickly. "People cannot be brothers and sisters, my child, when they are in love with each other."

"Oh, but they can, and they can be friends. Think how much better it would be than nothing—nothing! And if we can't marry, and we can't—for I don't want to be married, and can't be; and it is better to be free—we might be friends." She was almost incoherent with nervousness. "Very dear friends—we could always be that—and we could write to each other very often, and tell each other everything we did and thought and read, and be everything in the world that two people parted by long miles can be."

"All this is nonsense, Kathy. You don't know what you are talking about, my darling. What you say may be all very well for two people who desire to be nothing more; but you and I love each other—at least I know that I love you with all my heart," he said simply. "I want you to come to me, to share my life, to be with me always. And if you loved me you would want it too."

They were within sight of the farm, and stopped and looked at each other; then sat down on the little bank beside the pathway.

"I love you, and I do want it too," she said earnestly. "But I cannot marry you, and—I think," she added, bursting into passionate tears, "that marriage is the most hateful and terrible thing in the world."

"Well, that is rather an odd thing to hear the woman you love best in the world say."

"I mean the ceremony that binds you so that you can never get away, no matter how much you hate each other, nor how miserable you are together. If you love each other and promise to be faithful all your lives"—she stood up in her excitement and looked at him—"promise with your whole heart and soul, oughtn't that to bind you? And yet it doesn't. People talk of making their vows before God—doesn't God hear you when you are alone?"

"Katherine," he said, staring at her with astonishment, "I don't understand this outburst. What on earth has made you think so much about the marriage ceremony?"

"Because I hate it," she said. "Because it is an excuse to bind two people together who want to be separate, and it fetters them when they want to be free. Jim," she went on in a whisper while a flush dyed her face, "is not this morning—should not the memory of it be enough to satisfy us? We can never get away from it or forget it as long as we live. Isn't it much more than the bond between two people who have stood up in a church together and said things they did not mean? Don't you think God heard us just as much saying the things we did mean as He would have heard two people saying the things they did not mean? And which do you think would be marriage in His eyes?"

"I do not understand you," he answered. "You are talking nonsense, and not very pleasant nonsense, my child. The marriage ceremony may be only the public record of the vows that people have made each other in private, but it was made by the strong for the protection of the weak and the strong must protect it. I have no sympathy with fads about marriage nor with any crusade against those things that experience has taught men to be best for the majority. Come, let us go." He turned towards the farm, and with burning cheeks she followed him.

The bottle was filled with cream for the afternoon tea. They refused the bowls of cream the milkmaid offered them, and turned on their way homeward in silence.

"It is the oddest thing in the world," he thought, "that she should go off her head about the marriage ceremony. Some women are rather too eager for it. Perhaps the Ogre wasn't happy in his domestic relations." Somehow her talk had repelled him. He liked a woman who revered forms and ceremonies; he even liked her to be a little superstitious. "What put all that stuff in your head about marriage?" he asked, "you couldn't have spoken more vehemently if you

had had a drunken husband who beat you every Saturday night."

"Ah," she said eagerly, "now you have touched it. Suppose a woman has a drunken husband who beats her on Saturday nights, a man she doesn't love and has never loved, but has married for some other reason; or if a man has a bad and wicked woman for a wife, not a woman he has once loved, and so for the sake of that remembrance is willing to bear with, are they to stay together and be miserable all their lives?"

"Yes, I think so," he answered slowly; "if they had not cared for each other they should not have married——"

"Oh, yes, yes; I agree in that."

"But having done so, no matter for what reason, I think they are bound to remain together if it is in any way possible, for the more terrible the more sacred and the more binding you can make marriage, so gradually will you increase the respect for it. I neither believe in easy marriage nor in easy divorce myself. Just as a soldier is sacrificed for the battle, so must the everyday individual be sacrificed for the sake of the institution that has been found to work best and to be best for the majority. Katherine," he said suddenly, "I hope you haven't been talking with any of the unpleasant women who tell you that men are wicked and that women are men's superiors, and all the rest of it."

"No," answered Katherine, wonder-struck, "I don't even know what you mean. I think men and women too, as a rule, are very dear and good. All that I have known or seen, with one exception"—and her lips turned white, but still he was unsuspicious, "have been. Men and women are just as good as each other, it seems to me, though, of course, the men are stronger and wiser than the women: at least," she said, looking up with the quick smile he loved, "it's nicer when they are; it makes them able to take care of us: I can't think of anything better in the world than being taken care of by anyone—the man," she added shyly, "you love best in the world."

"And you don't know ten thousand people who have all married miserably?" he asked joyously, for it seemed as if things were coming round to the point he wished.

"No," she said, with a little sorry laugh, "I knew of one miserable marriage, but the others," and she thought of the Oswells and of George and Alice Alford, "have been perfectly happy. In England I used to walk about alone and look at the people two and two, always a man and a woman, and think how glad they seemed to be together."

"As we will be, my sweet, when we are married," he said, and made a sudden snatch as if to take her in his arms and kiss her.

"Oh, no!" she cried, "never as long as we live," and in her fright she dropped the bottle of cream out of her basket. It fell at their feet and was broken. They looked at it in silence for a moment, and swift as lightning her thoughts went back to the day when she had dropped the bowl of flowers. It had always seemed to her, in looking back, that upon that day her childhood ended: it flashed upon her that perhaps on this day too there ended something in her life—something that would never come again.

He looked up and met her eyes. "Never mind the cream," he said, almost indignantly, "that does not matter, but I do not understand you, Katherine. Do you mean to say that it can never be?"

"No, never," she answered. "But cannot we be friends?" she pleaded.

"No, we cannot," he answered decisively. "That means—at worst, what I do not even choose to mention to you——"

"But, at best?"

"Something that may be satisfactory for one, but never is for two. I shall go away to-morrow or the next day," he said curtly, as they entered the hotel, but she made no answer, only looked round at him as they went upstairs.

Mummy and Jim." She stood up and considered it, looking out at the plains in the distance. "I think I understand," she said to herself at last. "The great laws of life are our masters, and avenge themselves terribly on those who dare to tamper with them. Only I have been so happy," she went on, a little gratitude coming into her eyes, "and I don't care—I don't care what comes of it. I have had a flash of summer right across my life. I should never have known it if I had not come here or if they had known. Oh! think, think!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "what it would have been to have lived all my life and to have loved no one! I ought to be very thankful for this that has come into my heart." A sudden idea smote her as though it came from Heaven. "And I will make it a thank-offering," she said slowly, "a thank-offering

that shall try me sorely and cost me much, but I will do it as a proof of the strength of the love I bear him." She sat down still and silent for half an hour; a great resolution took possession of her, and she determined that nothing should tempt her to go from it.

She got up and made some tea for Miss Bennett.

"Miss Kerr," the sick woman said, "these people downstairs are very inattentive, though I have paid their bill. I shall leave to-morrow morning, and have ordered the chair to carry me down and the mule for my baggage. If you could come a day later, I would wait for you at Mendrisio?"

It was an unexpected stroke of good fortune. "But I will go with you to-morrow," she exclaimed, "as early as you like, and gladly."

(To be continued.)

There are many items of information interesting to musicians. Dr. Richter is to start in the autumn on a provincial tour with an orchestra of ninety-two instrumentalists. This will be after the Birmingham Triennial Festival, which Dr. Richter expects to conduct. His duties at the festival will be lessened by the fact that Dr. Hubert Parry will conduct his new work, "King Saul." Professor Villiers Stanford will direct the performance of the cantata by the late Goring Thomas, and Mr. George Henschel will conduct his "Stabat Mater." Mr. Edward Lloyd has been engaged to sing in "King Saul" when it is given for the first time in London, by the

Royal Choral Society, on Feb. 7. By the way, Mr. Lloyd has postponed his American visit for a year or two, owing to the heavy list of his engagements. Both Mr. Watkin Mills and Mr. Ben Davies, however, expect to go to the United States in a few months' time. There is every prospect of a very successful festival at Hereford. Among the vocalists, Miss Evangeline Florence and Miss Agnes Wilson are comparatively new to these pleasant performances. The city has resolved to decorate itself, and there will be music in the streets as well as in the cathedral and Shire Hall. That well-known violoncellist, M. Hollman, is recovering from an unfortunate injury to his hand. Miss Amina Goodwin, the pianist who was one of the last to enjoy the advantage of tuition from Liszt, and who was also a pupil of Madame Schumann, is about to be married. It is probable she will continue to practise her profession. Miss Clara Butt has gone to Paris, where she proposes to study still further. This a wise resolution on the part of our most promising contralto.



PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

"I am going to lie down," she said, "and shall not come in to dinner to-night, but I will see you both afterwards in the sitting-room; perhaps there will be a fire," she added, with a little shiver, as she disappeared from his sight. Then she went into her room once more, and sat down feeling that she had only made him love her less, and widened the distance between them. "It is no good," she thought bitterly; "my life is my own; I have to suffer all its pain, and yet I cannot fashion it as I like. I might as well try to shape water with my hands. A little life like mine, too. The secret of the world seems to be that one has to submit to the powers that are stronger than oneself; no matter how much one's heart longs to fight them, and it's the most terrible thing on earth to do wrong, for sin is like a ball passing from hand to hand, changing its shape and colour as it goes along. If only Richard Morris had not done wrong Uncle Robert would not have been so stern, nor have married me to Mr. Belcher; and if Mr. Belcher had not been cruel I should not have run away and deceived the

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT BIRMINGHAM.



Photo by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.
MR. JOHN PHILLIPS,
CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL.



Photo by H. Baker, Birmingham.
ALDERMAN G. J. JOHNSON,
MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM.



Photo by H. Baker, Birmingham.
MRS. A. F. JOHNSON,
MAYORESS OF BIRMINGHAM.



MR. WILLIAM HENMAN,
ARCHITECT OF THE NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL.



MR. E. O. SMITH,
TOWN CLERK OF BIRMINGHAM.



SIR JOHN JAFFRAY, BART.,
TREASURER OF THE NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL.



Photo by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.
MR. W. N. FISHER, J.P.,
HON. SECRETARY OF THE NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL.

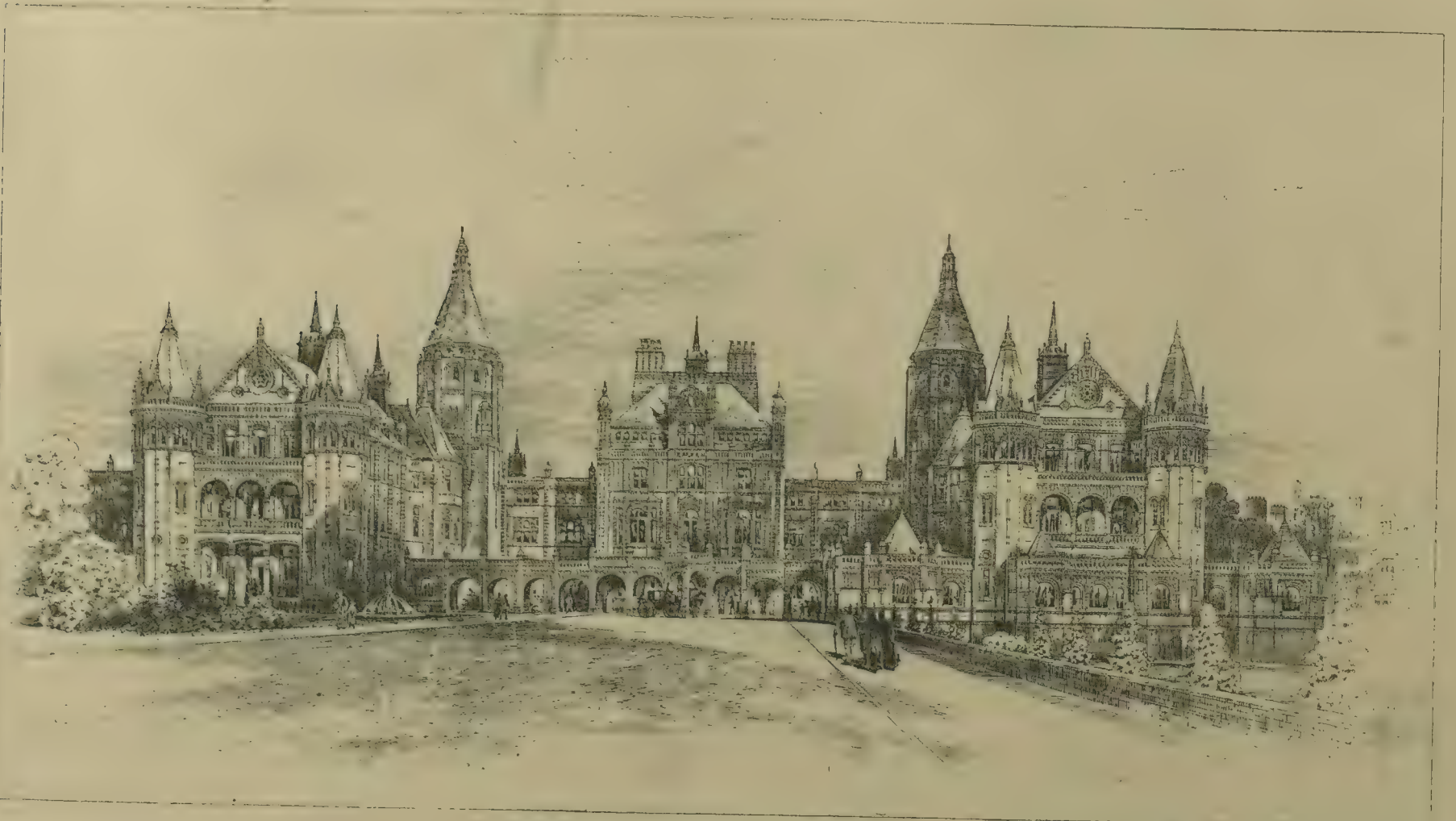


MR. J. C. HOLDER, J.P.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BUILDING COMMITTEE,
NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL.

On Saturday, Sept. 8, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York come to Birmingham to lay the foundation-stone of the new General Hospital. Their Royal Highnesses, who are the guests of Viscount Newport, at Castle Bromwich, on arriving at the city boundary, on the Castle Bromwich Road, are met by an escort formed of the 17th Lancers, the Chief Constable, and mounted police. They are escorted in procession to the Town Hall, where they are received by the Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, who presents to them the

Mayor and Mayoress, Alderman G. J. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, and other civic dignitaries, and the General commanding the district and his staff. The royal party having been conducted to the dais, the Town Clerk reads the address of the Corporation, and the Duke of York reads his reply. The royal party proceed to the Council-house, where they are entertained at luncheon, and are afterwards conducted through the Museum and Art Gallery. Their Royal Highnesses then drive to the site of the stone-laying in St. Mary's, where

they are received by the President of the General Hospital, the Earl of Dartmouth, and the members of the reception committee. Mr. John Phillips, the chairman, Sir John Jaffray, Bart., the treasurer, Mr. Walter Fisher, the honorary secretary, Mr. J. C. Holder, chairman of the building committee, and Mr. W. Henman, the architect, are presented to the Duke of York; and the honorary secretary reads an address, to which the Duke of York makes a reply. Their Royal Highnesses return to Castle Bromwich, which they will leave for Scotland.



THE NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL, BIRMINGHAM.



GOLDEN AUTUMN.

By E. Tismon Semenovskiy.

LITERATURE.

"UNDER LOCHNAGAR."

The reviewer surveys with some trepidation the handsome volume entitled *Under Lochnagar* (Aberdeen: Taylor and Henderson), being fearful lest this brilliant example of bazaar literature should lead to a yet heavier load on his table—and his mind. Bazaars have hitherto been left to that portion of the community which in this connection is quite appropriately termed "the fair sex." Men have only played a minor part in these society functions which St. Charity has ordained shall work a happy havoc among purses. But a change has come o'er the colour of our dream, as is evinced in this splendid book, which has been published on behalf of the Crathie Parish Church Bazaar. To its ample quarto pages, men of the highest eminence have contributed poetry, prose, and pictures, with the result that the interest of the volume extends far beyond its original purpose. The rebuilding of the parish church of Crathie, in which the Queen has so often worshipped, was the cause of the bazaar which took place at Balmoral on Sept. 4 and 5, and with the view of supplementing the profits, Mr. R. A. Profeit has compiled this book. The son of Dr. Profeit, her Majesty's Commissioner, has displayed an editorial skill only equalled by his power of persuasion. His share in these pages is of high literary merit. A hymn by the Marquis of Lorne, set to music by Dr. J. F. Bridge, commences the contents. A poem from Sir Edwin Arnold's facile pen recalls in verse a previous visit to Braemar. Authors whom one hardly suspected of "dropping into poetry" touch the lyre in succession. Mr. J. Zangwill, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Mr. George Grossmith are among the most successful. Mr. Rudyard Kipling sings of "Romance," with a self-denial which only yields one verse to the Army. Mr. Lewis Morris is sandwiched between an article by the Rev. Archibald A. Campbell and a frolicsome essay by Mr. Andrew Lang, who ends with this comment on the restlessness of the age: "A man will go to Samoa, and, instead of enjoying himself, will positively write letters to the *Times*!" We have prose contributions by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Henry Irving, John Strange Winter, Mr. Alexander Allardyce, the Marquis of Huntly, and others. There are splendid photogravures of the Queen and her two daughters. The artists who have generously illuminated the book include Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir George Reid, Sir J. D. Linton, Sir Noel Paton, Mr. Phil Morris, and Mr. Joseph Farquharson, to name a few of the more eminent. Mr. John Mitchell deserves more than formal mention, for he is responsible for sixteen charming pictures of the neighbourhood. The Marchioness of Granby has given a beautiful portrait of her daughter; while Dudley Hardy, Harry Furniss, and A. Birkenruth represent the "black-and-white" men. The book, which does great credit to Messrs. Taylor and Henderson, will be treasured as a unique literary memento.

LETTERS OF THE LATE EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Letters of Edward Fitzgerald. Two vols. (Macmillan, 1894.)—Mr. Aldis Wright was happily inspired when he separated FitzGerald's letters from the collected edition of his writings, and arranged them in these two convenient and tasteful volumes. People who only know the "Omar Khayyâm" will now discover the charm which the author of that marvellous paraphrase cast upon a small but very notable circle of friends, upon men like Thackeray, James Spedding, and Frederic and Alfred Tennyson. His friendships, as someone said, were "more like loves," and there is an affectionate ring in his constant references to "Old Alfred" or "Old Thackeray," which time and absence never dulled. Some of them he never met for twenty years at a stretch; but his faithful memory still kept green the spots hallowed by dear association. It was the same with his books; he made personal friends of them, and would talk of "my old Crabbe" with the same touch of affectionate possession. To a warm heart (to those who won an entrance) he joined a rare faculty of literary

appreciation. He was pre-eminently what he called himself, "a man of taste," as well as a man of feeling. His taste was not catholic, else it had hardly been taste, and he never quite entered into some modern developments of literature. He records "another vain attempt on George Eliot," for example, and failed to find pleasure in Hawthorne. Of modern poetasters, discreetly edited as "—, —, and Co." he wrote with scorn, and was not satisfied with his great contemporary, the Laureate, or with Browning, of whom he expected greater things. But all through one sees that his taste is fastidiously correct, that he loved the very best in literature, in art, and in music, and that his failure to appreciate modern forms was due to the common difficulty of assimilating new things after taste had been matured. He is inconsistent, of course, being a poet of sensitive impressions, and takes up and lays down a passion; but he is splendidly faithful to his old favourites, especially those in whom effort is least discernible. He turned aside from what struck him as laboured, to delight in what ever was free and spontaneous and natural. It was this feeling that made him say that Lamb's letters were better than the Essays of Elia; and we find the same principle in this criticism: "Boccaccio's Humour in his Country People, Friars, Scolds, &c., is capital: as well, of course, as the easy Grace and Tenderness of other Parts. One thinks that no one who had well read him and Don Quixote would ever write with a strain again, as is the curse of nearly all modern Literature. I know that 'Easy Writing is d—d hard Reading.' Of course, the Man must be a Man of Genius to take his Ease; but if he be,

in the box-room, to the great wonder of his own daughter, while the terrible woman who called herself George Mandeville was writing the third volume below. We don't quite understand how the husband painted even mythological ladies without models, but necessity conspiring with despair can do anything. It seems to us that we are in the box-room too, writing this article in a panic. George Mandeville is rather overdrawn, you understand; it is impossible for such monumental egoism to exist in womankind; besides, to make a wife such a spectacle of selfishness and folly, while the husband plays the part of domestic acquiescence, is against all the traditions of fiction. True, there is the Old Campaigner in "The Newcomes," but everybody knows that Thackeray's women were invented out of a cynical spite. We make this admission because we are shivering with apprehension in the box-room. In the midst of his degradation the poor masculine creature has still malice enough to chuckle over this picture of George Mandeville enslaving her husband and murdering the delicacy of her child. Rosina is the chief success of the story, and her stolen interviews with her dejected father in the box-room are most pathetic. But one hastens to repeat that it is all overdone, and that the satire is a savage retaliation, to be appreciated only by men who have been put into their proper places by the irresistible enlightenment of woman about all the mysteries of life.

A DUCHESS'S DIARY.

Glimpses of Four Continents. By the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos. (London: John Murray).—A travelling diary is pretty well bound to be dull, unless it happens to be the diary of a genius, as are letters which describe the experiences of travel: who among us is not blest with a friend or relative who will give us lifeless descriptions of places he or she has seen. When one hangers rather for the little intimate things which are the most welcome "news"? Occasionally a woman with no pretensions to literary art may by some trick of lightness or cleverness make a record of travel "go." Her Grace of Buckingham and Chandos is not so fitted for a chronicler. She, with a friend, did her four continents in the most luxurious way, and the one

in which adventures are least possible. P. and O. boats and Cunarders make life on sea well-nigh as luxurious as it might be in her Grace's boudoir; yet even Cunarders and P. and O.s are not exempt from storms, nor especially favoured by the winds of heaven. However, in storm-time the Duchess does not rise to the occasion, and we hear rather of the small accidents—such as your sherry being spilt over your cutlet, and the cruet falling in your neighbour's lap—than of anything more sublime. The Duchess sees much wonderful scenery and many strange peoples, all, of course, in the most conventional and sheltered way, but her records of these experiences are of no account. The one quality the book has is a liveliness and amiability that are refreshing in a Duchess on her travels. She is not the least bit in the world "duchessy," though she was the first of her exalted rank to visit portions of Australia. On the P. and O. *Arcadia* she played a mad polka for the revellers, who kept it up till the stewards turned off the electric light. She is feminine enough to be extremely terrified by the appearance of a rat in her cabin, and to run down the passage in her night-dress like any ordinary woman to take refuge in another cabin. Then she records slyly how a gentleman racing down the passage fell over her hot-water can, and how he forgot himself so far as to swear; after which a young lady opened her cabin-door, and seeing the cause of the catastrophe, remarked loudly and cheerfully, "Oh, this is what caused all the damnation." A sense of humour is a saving quality in anyone, much less a Duchess. Her Grace also seems to have borne whatever small hardship fell to her lot as the guest of many Government Houses pluckily, and to have had a right noble contempt for even tropic storms. Altogether, the most interesting thing about this journal is the kindly and charming personality it reveals, which assorts well with her Grace's winning photograph, which forms the frontispiece of the book.



A BRAEMAR LANDSCAPE.—BY JOHN MITCHELL.
From "*Under Lochnagar*."

let him take it. I suppose that such as Dante, and Milton, and my Daddy [Wordsworth], took it far from easy: well, they dwell apart in the Empyrean; but for Human Delight, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Boccaccio, and Scott!" FitzGerald "took his ease," if ever man did, and it is the leisured appreciation, and the absolute absence of "strain," in his rambling, but always suggestive and even inspiring, thoughts on nearly everything that is supreme in literature, that lend a magical fascination to his letters. They form all the biography that such a man needs, and a nobler biography than most men are ever likely to win.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

George Mandeville's Husband. By C. E. Raimond. (W. Heinemann.)—The critic who happens to be a mere man needs a certain nerve to write about this book. For one thing, he runs the risk of being betrayed into indecent exultation. The story is a satire on the literary woman, especially the lady who, with the highest moral purpose, is always laying bare the vices of the age, and handling themes which mere men conspire to hush up, solely, we need scarcely say, to save themselves from exposure. We observe that in some quarters where criticism has a feminine bias, this book has excited much indignation. The most ordinary merit has been denied to it, and we have noticed hints that if the publishing business were in the hands of women, such a disgraceful work would never have seen the light of print. This, we are ashamed to confess, has greatly enhanced our enjoyment of "George Mandeville's Husband." We feel that the author has made a bold stand for the rights of man, who, grovelling serf though he be, is at least capable of a fearsome delight in this slashing onslaught on the pretensions of woman to dictate our canons of morals and literature. Of course, it is of no avail. We are all like the wretched husband who painted furtively

THE STRANGE CASE OF PHILIP STANSFIELD.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Our ancestors contrived to make life and death wondrously picturesque, and extracted from experience a sort of shudder to which we can no longer attain. Witness, for the sake of illustrating Philip Stansfield's affair, the case of Jane Norkott. We have it on the testimony of that eminent lawyer, Sir John Maynard, who says: "I wrote the evidence that was given, which I and many others did hear, and I wrote it exactly according to what was deposed at the trial at the bar of the King's Bench," in the fourth year of Charles I. But at what distance of time from the trial Sir John wrote his memoir we are not clearly informed.

Jane Norkott, wife of Arthur Norkott, in Hertford, was found dead in bed, her throat cut, a knife sticking in the floor beside her. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide; but, thirty days after Jane's death, her body was exhumed in the interests of justice. According to the deposition of the clergyman of the parish, four suspected persons were obliged to touch the body as it lay on the grass. The brow of dead Jane, when touched by a Mrs. Okeman, turned "of a fresh and lively colour," sweat ran down in drops, the deceased opened one eye and shut it again three several times; she likewise "thrust out the ring or marriage finger three times and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood from it on the grass." "The thing was wonderful to me," added the witness, in answer to Sir Nicholas Hyde, C.J. The rector of the parish adjacent gave identical testimony. This evidence Sir John Maynard, as not crediting his own ears, compared with what was heard on the same occasion by Sir Edward Powell and other gentlemen.

The result of the trial is not given; but doubtless the accused were hanged. We have probably to do with a collective hallucination on the part of the witnesses.

We now turn to the case of Philip Stansfield. He was the eldest son of Sir James Stansfield, of New Milns (an early manufacturing centre), who, in November 1687, was found one morning dead, and with his neck broken, in the half-frozen stream near his own house. This Sir James was, in his life, a moody man. In the troubled year of Bothwell Bridge (1679) he had shown signs of insanity, and, shortly before his death, had been reading Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." His eldest son, Philip, had given him much trouble. As a soldier, abroad, he had lain in the prisons of Orleans and other towns. Though he had served as a King's man in the Covenanting troubles, he was charged with drinking to the confusion of the King—James II.—the Pope, Antichrist, and the Devil. He was also charged with having pursued and shot at his father, who was known to intend disinheriting him; though the defence might regard his father's statement about the pursuit as an insane delusion.

For what occurred on the night of Sir James's death we have the deposition of the Rev. John Bell, Minister of the Gospel. He was on a visit to New Milns, where Sir James showed "nothing but sound judgment and reason," accompanying the witness to his bed-room, and there "discussing pertinently and to good purpose." After sleeping for a short time Mr. Bell was awakened by a cry, and "heard a great din and confused noise of several voices, and persons sometimes walking." Most people would have got up and investigated these phenomena, but Mr. Bell was "affrighted, supposing them to be evil spirits," busy in that frosty black November night among the turrets and "transes" of the silent house. The voices and sounds were at his door, or on the stairs, or again below. Mr. Bell prayed, bolted his door, returned to bed, and then heard voices, loud or low, at his window. He tried to look out, "but the window would not come up for me, and the voices died away towards the river." In the morning there were more sounds of walking and talking. Next day was the Sabbath, and when the maid lighted Mr. Bell's fire, he complained to her that "there were evil spirits about the house that night." An hour later Philip came to Mr. Bell and said that his father, Sir James, was missing,

and he had been seeking him by the water-side. Philip then departed, and presently came one from the manufactory (where English hands were employed) saying that Sir James had been found lying in the water. The minister thereon fell a-trembling, and, later, rode away, averring that the devil and his instruments had slain Sir James—"a violent murder had been committed by wicked spirits."

In spite of Philip's bad character no suspicion of him dawned on the worthy son of the Kirk: his fancy flew at once to evil demons. But he did insist that the body should be "sighted," or inspected by competent persons.

The body was *not* inspected, was not even placed in the dead man's chamber. Philip, averring that his father had "died the death of a beast, not of a man," had the corpse laid in an outhouse and hastily buried. But against this the honest English artisans in the cloth-mill revolted, as men familiar with "crown's law," which does not prevail in the kingdom of Scotland. Humphrey Spurway, the overseer, on the news of the death met Philip, who asked mankind at large what discontent had made his father lay hands on himself? With British frankness, Spurway replied, "Sir, do you wonder the cause of his discontent (*sic*); who never gave him content, but have

that the boots of the accused were compared with the foot-marks, so easy-going was the art of detecting crime. The voices and trappings heard by Mr. Bell were now attributed to Philip and his allies, not to evil spirits, but heavy stress was laid on the bleeding of a corpse, two nights old, and, that very night, lacerated by the surgeon's knife. Rather stronger evidence was that of two children, telling how Philip came to their father's house, threatened against Sir James, and took their father out with him. On the father's return, one child heard talk as to how Philip guarded the door "with a drawn sword and bended pistol, and that he never thought a man would have died so soon." The children were too young to be sworn, but their remarks, as those of "babes and sucklings," told with the jury. So Philip was hanged in chains on the Gallow Lee, between Leith and Edinburgh; his arms were "riven out of the book of arms," and his goods "forfeited to our sovereign lord the King, to remain perpetually with his highness in property," who, however, did not long enjoy it, through a distressing political event of that year of grace 1688.

Such is the strange case of Philip Stansfield, and so moving were the occurrences of three black frosty nights in November. To madness and to murder our forefathers contrived a sequel and addition of spirits and judgments, whereof their posterity are now deprived, owing to the advance of the scientific spirit. Science has its merits, after all, and so Bless the British Association!

THREE JAPANESE OFFICERS.

Our group of figure portraits is that of three Japanese military officers, who were deputed, in 1886, to visit the military establishments of India. The central figure is Major Fukushima; on his right is another officer of the Japanese staff, and on his left is a military surgeon. These gentlemen having been recommended to the good offices of the Indian Government, a British officer was appointed to escort them through India. The late Captain Urnston, 6th Punjab Infantry (who was afterwards killed on the Black Mountain of the North-West frontier with Major Richmond Battye, 5th Goorkhas), was the officer selected for this duty, and is represented standing behind the Japanese officers. He described them as "most intelligent and agreeable," and after about three months' tour, during which they visited all the important arsenals, cantonments, and military public works, they and Captain Urnston



JAPANESE OFFICERS.

been the cause of grieving him ever since I knew the family?" Spurway now viewed the body, where it lay in the water, and sent a dispatch to the Lord Advocate. But this was tampered with, or, rather, the answer was intercepted. At three on Monday morning, Spurway woke, saw lights moving at the gate, and found that a darkling burial was being conferred, by shine of torch, on Sir James. On Tuesday night, he was again awakened, for the Lord Advocate, after all, on receiving his letter, had ordered an inspection of the body. No water was found in it, as would have been discovered had Sir James been drowned, and there were distinct marks, as the surgeons deposed, of strangulation. The body, having been subjected to autopsy, including an incision, was attired in grave-clothes, and lifted by Sir James's nearest of kin. Philip Stansfield raised the right shoulder, blood gushed out on him; he cried "Lord have mercy!" and fled from the corpse, wiping off the blood from his clothes. At the trial, "Bluidy Mackenzie," for the prosecution, laid stress on this circumstance, so purely casual, as "an extraordinary discovery, made to convince this wicked age that the world is governed by divine providence." Yet Sir George Mackenzie, so hated by the Covenanters, was no foolish fanatic, but a very able and clear-headed lawyer and King's man. Much better evidence, to be sure, was produced: accomplices, a man, nicknamed "the devil's tailor," his wife, and Philip's mistress, were inculpated; the river bank, above the fatal pool, was found trodden by many feet. We do not hear

parted with very sincere mutual regret. There can be no doubt that they carried back to their own country many valuable lessons of military training and administration; and such instances may account, in no small measure, for what we now read of the "quiet and business-like mobilisation of 160,000 men," by the Japanese War Department, and the rapid way in which they have occupied Korea. It should be mentioned that Major Fukushima and his comrades spoke English fluently. He afterwards became Military Attaché from his Government at Berlin; and it may be remembered that some time ago he started from that city on a ride to Japan through European Russia, Siberia, and the Korean Peninsula, but probably the recent outbreak of hostilities may have delayed his progress in North China. This Major Fukushima is author of the narrative of a "Journey in India," written and printed in the Japanese language. An article in the *United Service Magazine* of September 1893, by Colonel E. G. Barrow, who has visited Japan, gives a highly favourable account of the military organisation, which is, he says, framed on the best models, and thoroughly adapted to the requirements of the country. The officers have mostly passed through the Imperial Military School, and may therefore be held to be of the same stamp, professionally, as the generality of officers of European armies. The standing army numbers 75,000, and is capable of being trebled in war-time. Its ordinary yearly cost is, approximately, about £2,500,000, and its infantry and artillery are of good quality.



THE WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN: LI HUNG CHANG'S EUROPEAN-DRILLED ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

THE CHINESE ARMY.

The improvements of military equipment said to have been made in China since the French war of 1884 and 1885 have in the opinion of the Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P., whose new book, "Problems in the Far East," should be consulted with reference to the present war with Japan, been noticed "with much premature congratulation."

The nominal strength of the "Eight Banners," forming the Imperial Army, is returned, differently according to estimated deductions, at from 230,000 to 330,000 men. But this author says that, "considerably less than 100,000, perhaps not 80,000, are, in any sense of the term, upon a war footing. The best of them, amounting to an army corps 37,000 strong, are stationed in Manchuria, where, face to face with the dreaded enemy, Russia, large garrisons are maintained at Moukden, Kirin, and along the Ussuri. The Imperial Guard at Peking, which is drawn from the Banner Army, consists of eight regiments, or 4000 to 6000 men.

"Side by side with them is the Ying Ping, or National Army, called in contradistinction the Green Flags, or Five Camps (five being the unit of subdivision), and constituting a territorial army, frequently designated as 'Braves.' Of this army there are eighteen corps, one for each province of the Empire, under the orders of the local Governor or Governor-General. Their nominal strength is given by different authorities as between 540,000 and 660,000 men, of whom 170,000 to 250,000 are variously reported to be available for war. The National Army is, in fact, better described as a militia, about one-third of whom are usually called out, and the whole of whom are never organised, and are probably incapable of being organised, for war. To this force must be added the mercenary troops, raised in

which it has been maintained in a state of comparative efficiency by the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, its organisation and instruction being based on the Prussian model. Nominally, this division is 100,000 strong; but its mobilised strength is not more than 35,000, or a full army corps, which is employed to garrison the Taku and Peitang



A CHINESE HOUSE-BOAT ON THE SUMIDA RIVER.

Ports, the city of Tientsin, and Port Arthur. It is sometimes called the Black Flag Army, and is equipped with modern fire-arms, breech-loading Krupp guns, and Snider, Hotchkiss, Remington, and Mauser rifles. The pay is also superior to that of the Banner Army; for whereas, in the latter, a cavalry soldier receives only ten shillings a month and forage allowance, and the foot soldier seven shillings a month and rations, the Tientsin private receives fifteen shillings a month. If any real

SKETCHES IN CHINA.

The metropolis of the vast Chinese Empire, the city of Peking, is situated not very far from its northern frontier and from the Great Wall, anciently built to keep out the Tartar invasions. But it was founded, in the thirteenth century, by the Mongol ruler Kublai Khan, grandson of the conqueror Genghiz Khan; and under the present reigning dynasty, which is of Manchu origin, its aspect is not of a purely Chinese character, like some great cities of the southern provinces. Illustrations of Peking were given from the sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, who twenty years ago went there upon the occasion of the marriage of the late Emperor Tung Chih, succeeded not long afterwards by his present Imperial Majesty, Kuang Hsu. Eighty miles to the southeast of the capital, on the Peiho River, and nearer to the coast of the Gulf of Pecheli, is the important city of Tientsin, the headquarters of the provincial government of Chih-li, under the immediate rule of the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, who is also Grand Secretary of State for the Empire. Tientsin was captured, not without much difficulty, by the allied British and French military forces, assisted by the fleets, in the war of 1859 and 1860.

The first naval attack on the river, was by no means a successful affair, the ships becoming entangled among the mudbanks and helplessly exposed to the Chinese batteries on shore. There is now a railway to Tientsin. A military school has been formed at Peking; and schools of gunnery, musketry, and engineering, under the patronage of Li Hung Chang, at Tientsin.

Our other accompanying Illustrations represent ordinary and trivial incidents of Chinese life; a lady carried in a



THE TAKU FORTS, GUARDING MOUTH OF THE PEIHO AND APPROACH TO PEKIN.

emergencies, and dating from the time of the Taiping Rebellion, and some irregulars, consisting of Mongolian and other cavalry, nominally 200,000 in number, in reality less than 20,000, and of no military value.

"The only serious or formidable contingent of the National Army is the Tientsin army corps, called Lien Chun, or drilled corps, which was first started, with European officers, after the war of 1860, and acquired its cohesion in the suppression of the Taiping rebellion; since

business requires to be done in the metropolitan province or neighbourhood, it is to the Tientsin contingent that recourse is made.

"This is the total land army of China—on a peace footing not more than 300,000, on a war footing about one million men—that is called upon to garrison and defend an Empire whose area is one-third of the whole of Asia, and half as large again as Europe, and whose population is half of the total of Asia, and equivalent to the whole of Europe."

litter; a river house-boat—not such as those of Canton, inhabited by poor families, and mentioned in the latest news as the prey of a disastrous conflagration, destroying hundreds of lives—but a vessel used for summer aquatic entertainment by persons of the richer class; and a wheelbarrow used for the conveyance of a native passenger, which may still occasionally be seen even in the streets of Shanghai. This last vehicle is decidedly inferior to the "jinriksha" of Japan.



A CHINESE WHEELBARROW.



A CHINESE LITTER.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, when my duties often took me to Edinburgh, I came in contact with an individual whom his familiars called "Jock"—I never knew his right name—and who was always spouting politics—of course, Radical politics. He was a carter belonging to a farmer in the neighbourhood, or something of the kind. Then I missed him for more than a twelvemonth, after which I ran up against him in Prince's Street. He looked more spruce than usual, and during our few minutes' talk he did not utter a word against the institutions of the land. "Have you given up politics?" I asked. "Nae mair politics," was the answer, "I've got a coo now."

I have been reminded of the story for the last fortnight in connection with the report that the French Government have refused Don Carlos permission to come to Paris for a week, although the Duke of Madrid has denied having requested such permission; but, inasmuch as apartments were prepared for him in the French capital, there must have been some foundation for the report. The French Government, it is said, were apprehensive that the pretender to the Spanish throne would use their capital as a preliminary basis for his "next operations" against the Regency of Queen Marie Christine. I feel almost certain that these apprehensions are unfounded. Don Carlos has his "coo" in the shape of the enormous legacy left to him eleven years ago by the Comte de Chambord, and unless I have misread the history of most modern pretenders, he will abstain from all attempt, at any rate by force of arms, to oust the grandson of Queen Isabella and his mother, the near kinsman of Francis Joseph of Austria.

There will be no need, I fancy, for the latter monarch to interfere, as it has been suggested he would, in the event of such an attempt on the part of Don Carlos. Not, of course, by the dispatch of an army to aid the troops of the Queen-Regent against the Carlists, but either by the confiscation of Frohsdorf and Pittenne, both which are situated on Austrian territory, or by the expulsion of Don Carlos from his own demesnes. I repeat, Don Carlos has got his "coo," and if such a windfall as that which came to him had come to Louis Napoleon between his escape from the fortress of Ham and the month of February 1848, we should have had no Second Empire. If, on the other hand, the Prince who is lying grievously ill at Stowe—not Stowe House, if you please—had had less worldly wealth to hamper him, there might have been an end of the Third French Republic long ago.

I take it, therefore, that Queen Marie Christine may sleep in peace. If ever a woman of exalted position deserved peace, it is assuredly the daughter of the late Archduke Charles Ferdinand. She has proved herself a Queen every inch of her—there are not a great many. If Spain were a more important country than it happens to be in our days, the historians of the future would probably grant her a niche by those of Queen Elizabeth and Catherine of Russia for her political abilities, and for her private virtues as well as political abilities by that of Queen Victoria and her daughter Empress Frederick.

And yet few people, except those immediately surrounding her, had the remotest idea of those abilities, and even they, the people, did not dream of their display on a throne. There was nothing to designate her future position as a European sovereign, and especially a sovereign who would be called upon to play a male sovereign's part and more. Her girlhood was spent in the convent founded by Maria Theresa at Prague for the daughters of the highest nobility. She was its Abbess, though bound by no vow. Several Archduchesses of the House of Hapsburg had preceded her in those functions; not one had given proofs of such consummate administrative abilities.

It was thither that Alfonso XII. came in 1879, after the death of his first wife, Princess Mercedes de Montpensier. I have already stated once and am likely to state

again that it will not do to look too closely into the so-called affection that is supposed to preside at royal unions. In this instance, however, the affection on one side was not doubtful. Archduchess Christa—as she was called—fell in love at first sight. Her happiness was of short duration. Six years after her marriage, almost day for day, she was a widow, with two daughters, and *enceinte* for the third time. The birth of a son proved to be the supreme chance of Queen Marie Christine. Nevertheless, her path has been beset with difficulties ever since, difficulties with which she has coped *manfully*. She has given Spain a degree of order and comparative prosperity which it had not known for years. For this, if for no other reason, she deserves the goodwill of the whole of Europe.

PIG-TAILS AND TOP-KNOTS.

The illustrated papers have been reproducing photographs of the Koreans, in which these people appear with various kinds of head-gear, but none of them show the peculiar top-knot which they make with their hair. They gather up the ends of their locks, and twist them into a knot on the top of the head, where it stands erect, and is about four inches in height. I give a sketch of a Korean, made from a man belonging to the Korean Embassy at Peking. This shows him without his hat, but another sketch made at the same place shows a man with the peculiar hat that

one of the old Celtic tonsure; the hair is then gathered from the back part of the head and made into a shape like a round peg, about four or five inches long, "kami" being the name for it. This is somehow arranged so that it projects forward over the shaven portion of the crown, producing the appearance of a miniature cannon *en barbette*. It would be natural to suppose that the Korean top-knot is a variant of this, and the Chinese pig-tail is the same, only that it is allowed to grow long and hang down behind. By giving a Japanese barber's sign, which has on it an ideal representation of the hair, the form which the tonsorial operator is supposed to produce will, perhaps, be more exactly understood. Here, again, we are as yet in the dark as to the meaning of this particular cut of the hair. In the hill regions of Burmah there are many tribes of the Mongoloid type, yet in a very rude state of civilisation; and among them we find curious variations in the mode of trimming the hair, by which knobs or knots are produced. This is very characteristic with the Karens, who twist the hair into a knot on the side of the head, while one tribe wear it on the forehead. From these instances it may be concluded that such practices go back to very primitive times. All the statues of Buddha show him with a knob on the top of the head, which has long been a puzzle—it might be called "a knotty point"—among Indian archaeologists. The knob in this case must have had some important significance, or it would not have

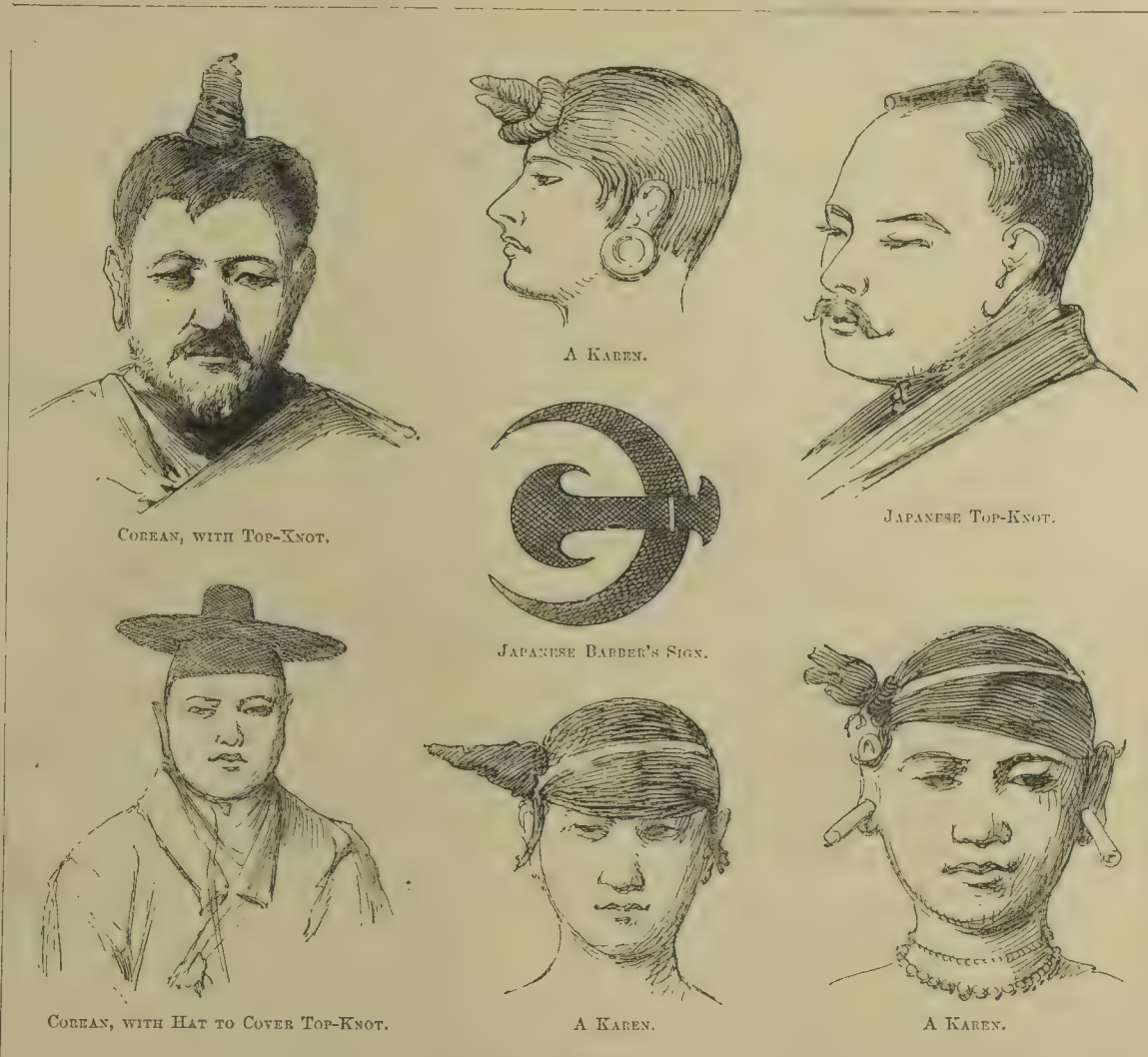
been so faithfully copied in pictures and sculpture. However, this particular knob has another point of interest, for it shows that such knobs were also common at one time to India. There is further evidence on this subject: in the sacred Laws of the Aryas, one book of which was written by Gautama, it is declared that—"It is optional [for students] to shave [their heads], to wear the hair tied in a knot [or], to keep [merely] a lock on the crown of the head tied in a knot [shaving the other portions of the head]." Apastamba, another authority on these ancient laws, says: "Now a Brahmana also declares, 'Forsooth an empty, uncovered [pot] is he, whose hair is shaved off entirely; the top-lock is his covering.' But at sacrificial sessions the top-lock must be shaved off, because it is so enjoined in the Veda." This shows that the practice was not limited to the Turanian section of the human race, and that in India it is at least as old as the Vedic period. Homer gives a very remarkable custom with hair. At the death of Patroclus, Achilles cut off his hair, and before the burning of the body began, placed it in the hand of the corpse, saying, "I will give my hair to the hero

Patroclus, to be borne [with him]." This would imply that it was supposed the hair would be taken to the other world. The companions of Achilles also cut off their hair, and there was so much of it that the whole of the dead body was covered. The only other instance that can be given in this brief sketch shows that the Semites had similar customs. The Mohammedans allow a tuft of hair to grow on the crown: they believe that if they are good Mussulmans, when they die and have to cross the bridge Al-Sirat, which is so narrow that the pathway is as sharp as a scimitar, passing it would be impossible unless Mahomet helped them over by holding the tuft in his hand. The old symbolism of the hair has not as yet been dealt with as it deserves; it is a big subject, but it would repay any competent man who could work it out in a thorough manner.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

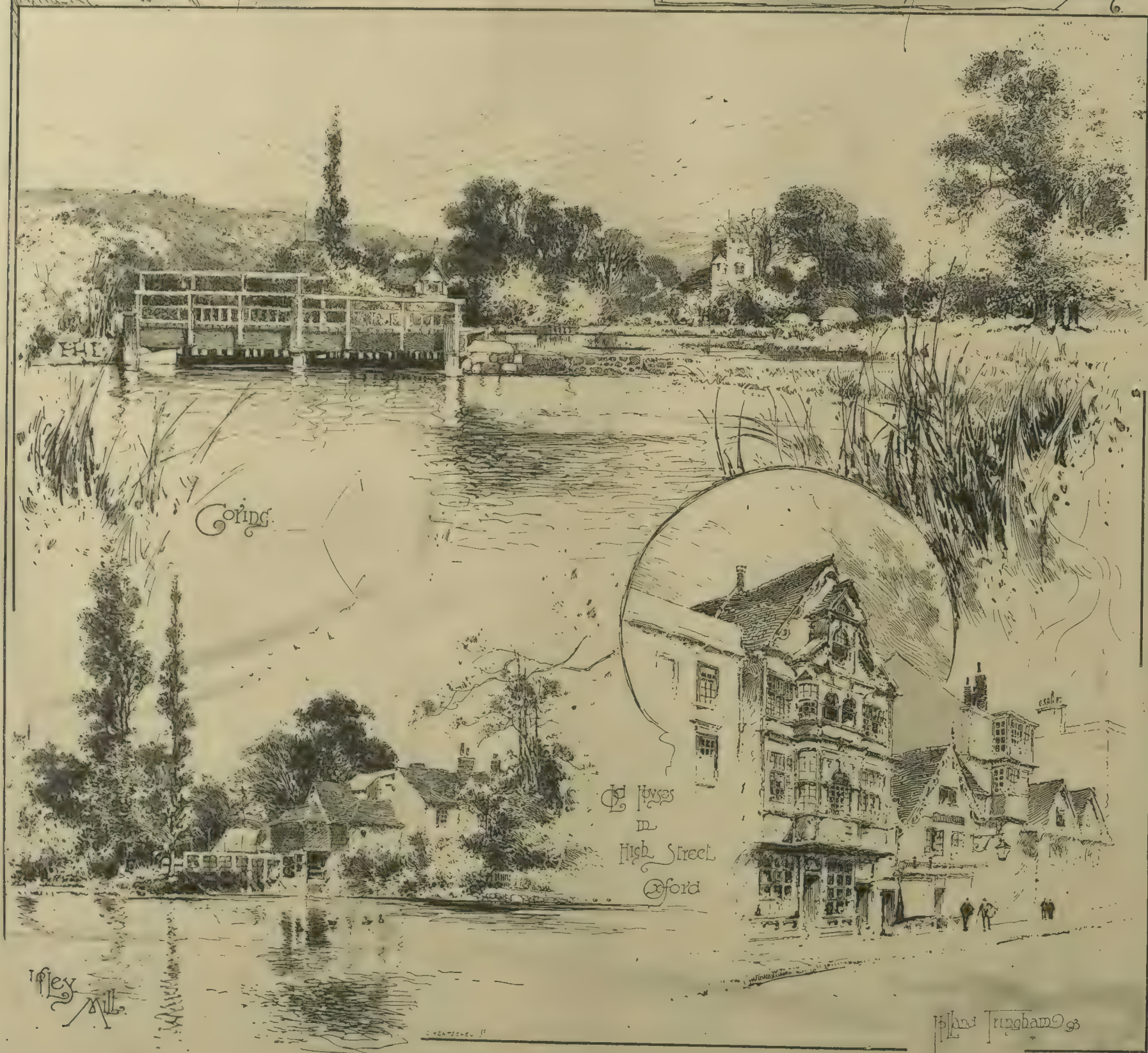
Arthur Foley, a workman at the Royal Small Arms Factory, was killed a few days ago by the sudden flying in pieces of a grindstone worked by steam, a fragment striking him on the head. The stone had only been in use for a few days; it had been carefully examined when mounted, and the investigation had failed to reveal any flaw.

The effective strength of all ranks in the regular Army on Dec. 1 last was 219,994, of which number 106,074 were employed at home—76,170 in England and Wales, 3573 in Scotland, and 26,331 in Ireland—and 111,205 abroad—namely, 36,511 in the Colonies and Egypt and 74,694 in India. The number of recruits who joined the regular Army in 1893 was 33,202.



PIG-TAILS AND TOP-KNOTS.

is worn to fit the knot; the upper part of this chapeau contains nothing but the twist of hair. Our slang word "tile," as a covering, cannot be applied to it; for the whole hat is only a thin network of horse-hair, or fine black thread, through which rain and wind can pass freely. It reminded me of the wire-gauze covers that are put over meat to keep off the flies. I could find no explanation of this strange hat, but assumed that the top-knot had either some religious signification or was in some way a mark of dignity. In this it might be similar to the Chinese pig-tail, the cutting off of which is considered to be such a disgrace by the Celestials. In this, again, I have never chanced to meet with an explanation as to why it is so. At one time the Chinese, we are told, wore long hair, but their Tartar conquerors, it is said, commanded them to cut it off, as a mark of subjection (as a matter of fact, they shave the head), all but the hair which produces the long tail that hangs behind down to near the heels. The imposition of the pig-tail is always referred to by writers on China as historical; if so, it has never been explained how a stigma of subjection has become a mark of honour and respect. The change is not impossible, but the story, like many others of the same kind, has always appeared to me to be doubtful; and this finds support in the fact that over the whole East, and the West too might be added, for religious or other reasons, people cut and trim their hair into tufts, knobs, and peculiar locks. Seen in this light, the pig-tail appears to be only one of these peculiar forms of cropping the hair. The Korean top-knot has already been described. The Japanese have also a very peculiar top-knot. They shave the whole front of the crown, reminding





1. Playing a Grey Mullet. 2. Fish-Spearing by Firelight. 3. Conger Fishing at Night.

SEA-FISHING OFF THE BRITTANY COAST.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The fact that some of our domestic animals are liable to the attack of certain diseases which afflict ourselves becomes of public importance from the consideration that while they may be liable to contract such ailments from us, we in our turn are susceptible of receiving infection from them. Tuberculosis, or that general disease of which consumption is a manifestation in the lungs, for example, notoriously affects cattle, and is especially rampant in town-kept cows. This fact relates itself at once to a possible source of tuberculous infection in man through the use of tuberculous milk and meat. If we also reflect upon the use of tuberculous milk by infants, many of whom may possess a constitutional and inherited liability towards lung-troubles, we may the more readily appreciate the cause of the sanitarian's anxiety over tubercle as a possible gift from the lower animals to ourselves. So also, it is proved to the hilt that the cat is singularly liable to acquire diphtheria from children affected with that very serious ailment, and that children in turn may be infected by the cat. It is matter of scientific demonstrations that the cat stands in this double relationship to us.

It is obvious that sanitary science is putting us very necessarily on our guard in the matter of our domestic pets, and some recent statistics in this direction, compiled by Professor Fröhner, of the Veterinary School of Berlin, may serve to strengthen the hands of those who interest themselves in matters of public health. Taking his experience as a veterinarian for seven years past, he makes a very curious revelation regarding the occurrence of tubercle among the smaller animals which form our pets. Thus the dog shows a very low percentage of cases—the percentage is given as 0.04 per cent., and this result agrees with the general rule that carnivorous animals are not nearly so susceptible to tuberculous as vegetable feeders. In the cat, however, Dr. Fröhner tells us the proportion rises to 1 per cent. This, it is true, is not a heavy percentage, and may possibly be accounted for by the greater acclimatisation of the cat to a domestic life, wherein it is brought much more directly under the influence of infection from man than the dog. But what startles us most of all in Professor Fröhner's researches is the high percentage which parrots exhibit in this matter of tuberculous infection. Their proportion of cases is 25 per cent. Here, again, I suppose, we see the influence of close association with man in rooms, often ill-ventilated, and wherein the liability to infection by the tubercle-bacilli must be very great. After all, the argument here, as elsewhere, tends to teach the imperative duty of supervising rigidly the health of the animals we allow to associate with us. This rule has for its aim no less the welfare of the animals than our own safety from the sources of danger to human health they undoubtedly represent.

We are drawing nigh to the close of the holiday season, although September is also, I suppose, to be regarded as a typical holiday month, and one which in my own experience has often much to recommend it in the way of weather, despite the shortening days. I have been spending a holiday in an old haunt of mine on the shores of Fife, Lower Largo to wit, whence the original of Robinson Crusoe hailed. As I write, Largo Bay is steeped in sunshine; the opposite coast, with North Berwick Law and the Bass Rock for prominent landmarks, is also flooded with light, and the whole prospect pleases, as Bishop Heber's hymn has it, as a glimpse of the world fair indeed to see. But that which strikes one forcibly on reflection about most of our smaller holiday resorts is the absence to a very great extent of means for the rational utilisation of holiday hours, beyond the stereotyped bathing, beach-promenading, reading, and walking. I am purposely excluding golfers from the category of mortals thus unprovided with rational amusement. They require no sympathy of this kind, and are apt to resent as an impertinence the suggestion that life holds cricket as well as golf, that a game at whist is at least as intellectual a recreation as the "royal game," and that a man who doesn't golf at all, may find life worth living nevertheless. Nor am I speaking of big places like Scarborough or Eastbourne, and the like, which, from their very size, become cosmopolitan in their tastes. It is in our smaller resorts all round that we find an utter lack of enterprise on the part of the inhabitants, who benefit so largely, in a commercial sense, by the presence of visitors, and it is precisely this "don't care a button" sort of policy that should be reformed altogether.

A wet day, or succession of pluvius days, in a place like Largo is as sad a trial to the patience and good temper of everybody as can well be imagined. Children worry, and their elders mope, and the result is social despair for the time being. Now, abroad they do manage these things better. There is at least some attempt made to provide recreation of a general character, such as visitors to a resort may enjoy when the elements are in league against them to prevent outdoor life. Why should there not be found in each resort a recreation-hall, where the young folks might dance, and the elders play whist, and where even the never-ending argument about Church and State, or Home Rule, or Strikes might serve to wile away the tedium of the down-pour? Perhaps we are too insular in our prejudices to adopt such suggestions, but we certainly fall in heartily enough with them when we go abroad; and then, of course, there is always the question of cost, though such an institution, I fancy, even if only of temporary and summer character, might well be made self-supporting. Be that as it may, I do say we are inclined to take our pleasures somewhat sadly. We sneer at the cheap "tripper," look down upon him from our lofty pinnacle of propriety, exaggerate his antics, and regard with holy horror his publicly expressed admiration of his 'Arriet. All the same, and deducting a little from his exuberant ways and style, I am convinced 'Arry does show a little more humanity in his holidaying than his more decorous neighbours, who appear to identify dull and sordid respectability and its dreary lack of cheer with all that is necessary to make life pleasant and perfect. A little more Bohemianism and a little less "starch," as 'Arry might put it, would assuredly conduce to the better enjoyment of our holidaying all round.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Dr F St, W RAILEM, AND OTHERS.—We agree with your estimate of Problem No. 2630. The second move is certainly ingenious.
A R H (Belfast).—We are glad to receive your promise of further contributions.
R S R, F W, AND OTHERS.—The matter must now be disposed of by the explanation given below.
W RICHMOND.—We can only go by our judgment, and are certainly liable to make mistakes, but surely the utter fallacy of your suggestion must be evident. The Bishop is pinned by the White Rook, and therefore cannot make the capture.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2628 received from H H (Peterborough); of No. 2629 from Hereward, J D Nussbaum (New York), Ubique, Howich, Meursius (Brussels), W David (Cardiff), W E Thompson, H F W Lane (Stroud), Tynnam (Ryde), J Bailey (Newark), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and C E Perugini.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2630 received from Edward J Sharpe, G T Hughes (Athy), W Wright, Ubique, Shadforth, M Burke, H H (Peterboro'), W R Raillem, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), E E H, Frank Davies (Newcastle Emlyn), Dawn, Albert Wolff, E B Foord (Cheltenham), F Waller (Luton), Tweek, G Joicey, T Roberts, W David (Cardiff), A H B, Martin F, R H Brooks, T G (Ware), E Loudon, H S Brandreth, J Dixon, L Desanges (Torquay), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W Mackenzie, Dr F St, E E Lungierick (Sainaden), H F W Lane (Stroud), Alpha, Admiral Brandreth, W P Hind, Sorrento, J D Tucker (Leeds), J W Scott (Newark), and Hereward.

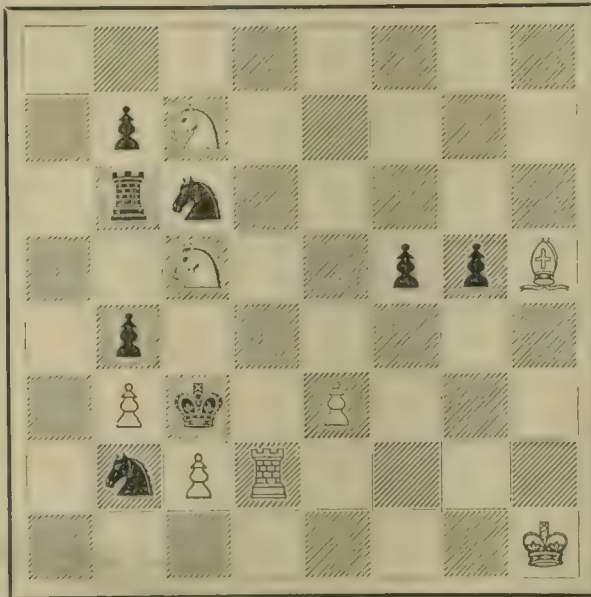
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2629.—By A. BOLUS.

WHITE.
1. Kt to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to Q B 5th
3. Q, P, or Kt mates accordingly.
If Black play 1. Kt to B 2nd, 2. Q to Q 7th; if 1. Kt to B 3rd, 2. Q to K B 4th (ch); and if 1. Kt to B 3rd, then 2. Kt to Q 8th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2632.

By W. PERCY HIND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

The following game was played by correspondence between Mr. E. R. BLANCHARD (Boston) and Mr. S. W. BAMPTON (Philadelphia).

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Blanchard).	BLACK (Mr. Bampton).	WHITE (Mr. Blanchard).	BLACK (Mr. Bampton).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Q takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	18. Q takes Kt	Q to B 4th
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	19. R to K B sq	B to B 5th
4. B takes P	Q to R 5th (ch)	20. B to K 3rd	Q takes K P
5. K to B sq	P to Kt 4th	21. B to B 4th	Q to K B 4th
6. Kt to Q B 3rd		22. P to B 3rd	R to K 5th
		23. R to K sq	P to K R 4th
		24. Kt to B sq	B takes Kt
		25. R takes B	B to K 4th
		26. B takes B	Q takes B
		27. Q takes Q	R takes Q
		28. R to B 6th	K to K 2nd
		29. R to B 4th	
		30. R to B sq	R to K 8th (ch)
		31. K takes R	R takes R (ch)
		32. P to K B 3rd	P to K B 4th
		33. K to B 2nd	K to B 3rd
		34. R to K sq	R to Q sq
		35. R to K 2nd	R to Q 7th (ch)
		36. K takes R	R takes R (ch)
		37. P to B 4th	P to B 4th

The strength of this quiet developing move in preference to Kt to K B 3rd at once can scarcely be doubted.
A common attack, but apparently of little use in this particular gambit.
This poor move in conjunction with the foregoing gives Black an immediate advantage, since it allows Kt to B 4th. It was better to retire B to Kt 3rd or B 4th.
The weakness before noted now becomes apparent. B takes P is threatened, and there is no really good move.
A prize was offered for the longest announced mate. Black here announced a forced mate in twenty-seven moves, beginning with P to B 5th, &c.
The game at this point has many features of interest.
Not R takes P, because of R to K 8th (ch), followed by P to Kt 6th (ch), winning the Rook.
Black wins.

The annual meeting of secretaries of the London chess clubs will be held at the Café Madrid, 24, Cheapside, at 7 p.m., on Tuesday, Sept. 11, when the entries for the League competition will be received, and inter-club matches for the ensuing season arranged.

Chevalier Desanges has submitted for our inspection his chess-recording books, from which we gather that, struck with some idea in Mr. Heitzman's problem at the time it appeared, he copied it, tried some alteration in it, and subsequently forgetting all about it, mistook it for his own.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is characteristic of our times that the newest addition of a woman's name to the coveted "Legion of Honour" of France is that of a lady who is distinguished exclusively in civil life and by works of charity. Madame Bogelot has long been the directress, and was I believe the foundress, of the prison-gate mission to women in France. Sweetness and gentleness are the sole characteristics expressed in her lovely countenance, and it is easy to understand that she would appear as an angel of mercy and forgiveness beside a penitent woman longing for a new beginning. Military service was the qualification of twenty-seven out of the thirty-four women who had received the red ribbon up to the end of last year; but twenty of those had been on the field as nurses and not as combatants. The first Napoleon, who founded the order, gave it to two women, both actually soldiers. One, Virginie Ghesquière, served in the ranks under the name of her brother, whose health was so delicate that obedience to the conscription would probably have killed him. The heroic sister served for a long time unrecognised, and was finally wounded in rescuing her Colonel, when her sex was discovered, and the Emperor rewarded her courage with the Legion of Honour. The other was a woman named Marie Schelling, who fought at Jemappes, Austerlitz, and Jena, was repeatedly wounded, and was at length promoted to the rank of sous-lieutenant, and decorated by Napoleon with his own hand. Two *cantinières* were also admitted. After the first Emperor's downfall no woman received the ribbon till the third Napoleon gave it to his wife for visiting the cholera patients, and the Empress bestowed her own decoration on the famous painter, Rosa Bonheur. During and since the war of 1870, more women have been admitted, one of them being Lady Pigot, for her ambulance services. But till sweet Madame Bogelot, there has not been one for the service of charity in civil life.

A document of much gravity was that presented by the special committee appointed to examine into the mortality of patients of the Chelsea Hospital for Women. It was the Medical Officer of Health for the district, Dr. Louis Parkes, who had the courage to call attention to the facts, but the committee consisted chiefly of laymen, Earl Cadogan being the chairman. It is a pity that a woman doctor was not placed on it. Though the committee were guarded in the terms of their report, it transpires that operations that meant almost certain death were performed for diseases not themselves necessarily fatal, and a mortality of 85.7 followed in one such operation; and in another operation, mildly called "exploratory," 44 per cent. of the women died, though in five out of eight cases there was found to be no disease requiring operation when the opening was made that led to death! This is not the place to dwell on the lesson of such facts, except that it seems a clear duty that the attention of suffering women should be called to such terrible figures in order that they shall not lightly consent to submit to operations. A horrid, mutilating operation on a woman is performed nowadays very often, not to save life, but on the chance that it may relieve pains and nervous distresses that often are not afterwards found to be in fact relieved. To refuse to undergo a needful operation is cowardly, but to seek *duplicate* (and not merely *consulting*) advice as to its real necessity is only prudent.

There is some reason to fear that the readiness with which operations are submitted to under chloroform makes them too lightly done, and diminishes the search for other methods of cure. Dr. P. Gowan, who is an M.D. and Master of Surgery of Edinburgh University, and a Doctor of Science also, has just published in pamphlet form an important account of how he has cured a case of cancer of the breast. He at first very properly desired to submit it to the profession only, through the leading professional journal, but the report was refused admittance to its columns. The reason for such editorial refusal is incomprehensible, since the object of the paper was to propose to substitute, in certain cases, a simple and costless mode of treatment in place of a dangerous, distressing, and expensive operation. Cancer (like some other of the worst diseases, notwithstanding our boasted improvements in medicine) has terribly increased in fatality of recent times, and women are its special victims. In November 1893 Dr. Gowan was consulted by a lady whose mother had died after an operation for cancer of the breast, and the patient therefore had resolutely determined never to have such an operation performed on herself. Dr. Gowan was thus obliged to look about for some other treatment, and he found that so long ago as 1815 a practitioner had reported similar cases cured by pressure, and that Sir Spencer Wells had spoken approvingly of the use of cold in cancer. Accordingly, Dr. Gowan united these two ideas, applying ice for a certain time and then pressure by specially made stays and an air-pad. In five months his patient's morbid growth was absorbed, and she was to all intents cured. The disease may recur, but so it does very often after operation. It would have been expected that this report of such a simple, humane, and safe method of treatment for a sadly common and fatal disease would be gladly hailed and generally tried by the profession; but though the author of this report was a highly qualified medical man, he was not even allowed to communicate the facts to others through the medical journal; hence he is obliged to have recourse to a pamphlet, which thousands of other medical men will get no knowledge of, unless the lay press assists them to do so. Such a fact, taken in conjunction with the Chelsea Hospital report, makes one think.

I am asked to draw attention to Hinde's curling-pins. I thought that everybody who indulged in curling the hair used them already. Can I say more? They are rapidly effectual, and, if properly used, are little likely to break or damage the hair, and so are an excellent substitute for the injurious "curling tongs," which should only be used in an emergency by any woman who values the soft beauty and natural lustre of her locks. The constant application of heat completely destroys the beauty of the hair, but the use of these curling and crimping pins is without objection. There are so many women with foreheads too bald-looking or too insignificant for frank display that a curly fringe is as fashionable as ever, and likely to remain so.

ART NOTES.

The *Art Journal* announces that the Gallery of British Art, the construction of which is making progress at Millbank, is to be under the control of the trustees of the National Gallery. There may be objections, and there most certainly will be objectors to this arrangement, but it is difficult to see what body other than that of the National Gallery would be likely to have the necessary independence, and it is also well that the interests of the two galleries should not clash. It says much for the value of Mr. Tate's collection that the trustees have thought only five out of the sixty-six pictures offered by him were of insufficient artistic worth to accept. If the new gallery is really to represent British art, the highest standard of this must be held in view, and refusals of the inferior be rigorously made. The nucleus of the National Gallery was the Angerstein collection, but this was a purchase, not a gift, and there were but thirty-eight pictures in it. That was exactly seventy years ago, and close upon 1400 works have accrued to the collection since then. There are many reasons why the Gallery of British Art may be expected to increase and multiply its contents at a still quicker rate.

Opinions must needs differ as to the value of some of the pictures selected from those tendered by Mr. Tate.

necessary steps for his wishes to have effect. He wrote: "My hotel was built for a museum. This is apparent to any visitor. My descendants might live there as tenants and curators," and again, "I hope that the treasures of art in my studio will never be sold. . . . I trust that he [his son] will turn this house into a little museum." This house is in course of demolition. The King is dead. Long live the King!

Munich has an art exhibition every year, and artists of all nations send to it. Medals are inseparable from Continental exhibitions, but, although the honour of such awards is not rated highly by British recipients, they in some degree express what is the view of our art formed by juries of other countries. Munich has given Mr. Furse a second-class medal, and the first-class medal goes to Mr. Henry Scott Tuke, the clever painter who has twice found favour in the sight of the Chantrey trustees.

How many monks have been painters since and before Fra Angelico is not to be said off-hand, but painters who have left the world for a religious life are few and far between. Mr. Bourdillon, of the Newlyn school, has done so, in part at least, by having gone last year to India as a missionary; and Tissot, the facile French painter

one of the Misses Thornycroft. Names that should be reckoned on for 1898 are Lady Butler, Mrs. Normand, Mrs. Merritt, Miss Dicksee, Miss Gow, Miss Clacy, Mrs. Alma-Tadema, Miss Alma-Tadema, Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. Jopling, the Misses Hayllar, Miss Carlile, Miss Alice Grant, and a host of others. There are many lady artists engaged on newspaper and other periodical illustration. In fact, if women put their best foot foremost for that occasion the art section of the Women's Exhibition need not be a weak one.

The Queen has presented a diamond and ruby brooch to Mrs. Green, the nurse engaged at the birth of Prince Edward of York. Mrs. Green has received a diamond and sapphire brooch from the Duke and Duchess of York, with a gold brooch-locket containing a lock of the young Prince's hair, and a silver cream-jug and sugar-basin from the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

A party of 109 trained boys and lads from Dr. Barnardo's Homes, being the third similar party for the current year, have sailed from Liverpool to Canada, where they are to be placed out partly on the industrial farm of 10,000 acres in Manitoba, in connection with the homes, partly in situations with farmers throughout Ontario.



THE CONSULTATION.

There is, however, not likely to be much lack of unity in appreciating "The Doctor," by Mr. Luke Fildes; "The Herd of Swine," Mr. Briton Riviere; "Her First Dance," Mr. Orchardson; "Marooned," Mr. E. J. Gregory; "And the sea gave up the dead that were in it," Sir Frederick Leighton. At least two of those by Sir John Millais are sure of very general approval. These are "The Knight-Errant" and "The North-West Passage"; but those whose interest in art is serious will esteem more highly the fine examples of Sir John's pre-Raphaelite period—"Ophelia" and "The Vale of Rest."

The late Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum—Mr. J. Wyatt Papworth—was in office only two years. He succeeded Mr. James Wild, who was appointed to the post in 1878, and who died in 1892. Mr. Papworth was a candidate at the time Mr. Wild was preferred before him, and so was a grandson of the founder. The berth (it can only be filled by an architect) is a desirable one, as it is worth £300 a year in addition to the residence, which is a large house, the ground and first floors of which are alone used for the museum. The Act of Parliament which Sir John Soane obtained was "for settling and preserving Sir John Soane's Museum, Library, and Works of Art, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the county of Middlesex, for the benefit of the public and for establishing a sufficient endowment for the due maintenance of the same." Meissonier did not take such

of what it is scarcely too much to call "la vie Parisienne," is going to enter the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse. M. Tissot painted a series of scenes from New Testament history many years ago, and they are to be seen now at the Antwerp Exhibition, but they can in no sense be regarded as religious pictures. Whether the numerous works on which he has been engaged for the last six or seven years are "religious" or merely Biblical, it seems that Londoners will be able to judge for themselves, as there is a report that the whole sequence depicting the life of Christ from the cradle to the grave will be exhibited here before long. It is conceivable that the earnest study of various authorities for points, and the spirit of his subject, should have made a deep impression on the artist's mind, but it is not easy to think of Tissot the author of pictures of circus life and shop-girls, as Tissot the monk.

Nine years ago Bristol had an exhibition of the arts and industries pursued by women. It is proposed to hold one in London in 1898, but, of course, on a very much larger scale. Indeed, the field of women's work has widened considerably since the Bristol essay; and a more important exhibition of industries, &c., would induce a more important show of art. In 1885 the chief artists represented at Bristol were the Misses Montalba, Mrs. E. M. Ward, Miss Osborn, Miss Starr (Madame Canziani), and

Including these, the institutions have now sent out to Canada and the Colonies 7029 boys and girls, all tested and trained and of approved character.

The plans for erecting a Roman Catholic Cathedral for London have taken definite shape. It is intended that the new building shall be in the ancient Basilican or primitive style of Christian architecture; it is to accommodate 10,000 and seat 8000 persons; and the cost will be £250,000, of which nearly half has been subscribed. The site chosen is in Westminster. St. George's Roman Catholic Cathedral, in Southwark, which was built from 1840 to 1848, has been decorated, and is nearly ready for consecration.

A large boat, with screw-propeller and engines, constructed by the Thames Electric and Steam-Launch Company, and named the *Duke of York*, has been placed on the river to ply for passengers between Richmond and Hampton Court.

A singular outrage was perpetrated at Athens, on Saturday, Sept. 1, by about a hundred and fifty officers of the Greek army belonging to the garrison of the capital. Enraged at some articles in the *Acropolis*, one of the Athenian daily newspapers, reflecting on the bad behaviour of the military in that city, they broke into the printing-office and the editors' apartments, and smashed every press and article of furniture. The ringleaders have been arrested.



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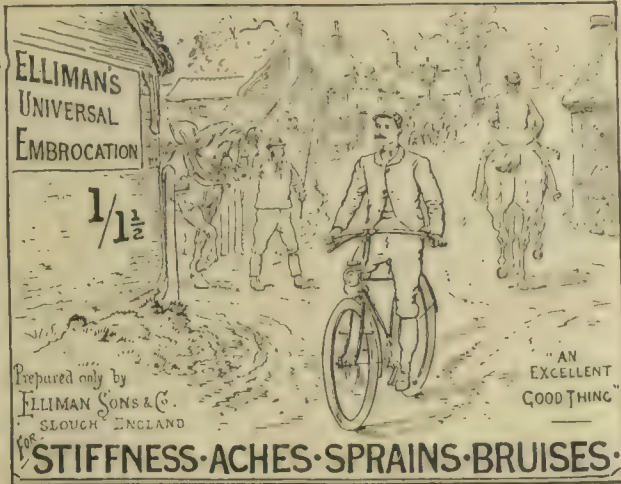
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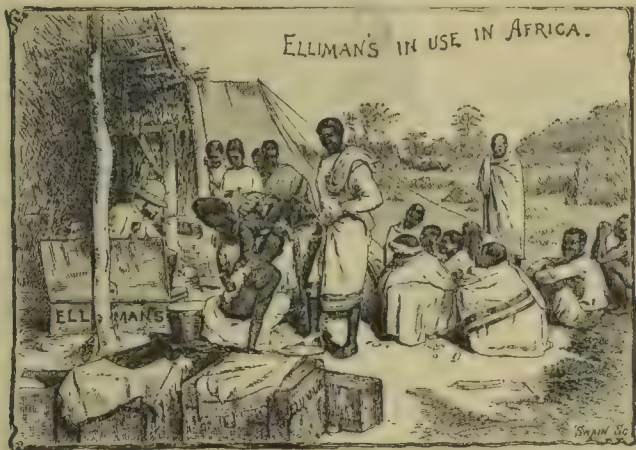


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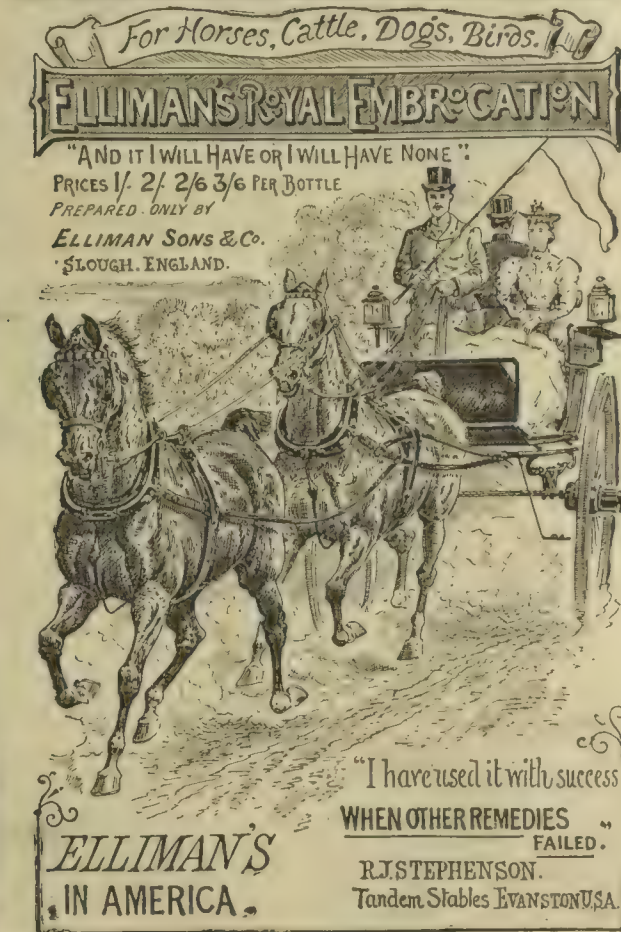
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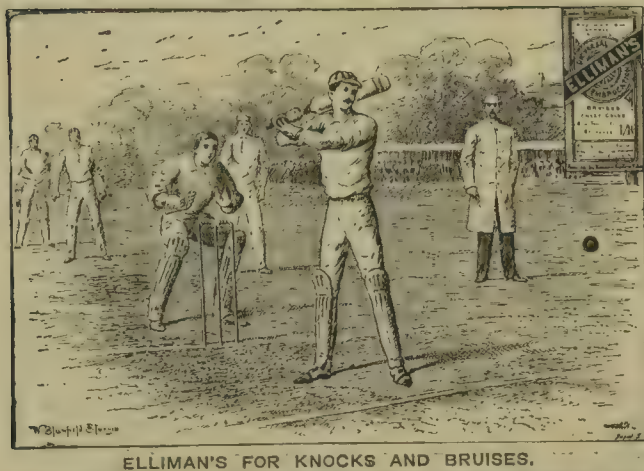
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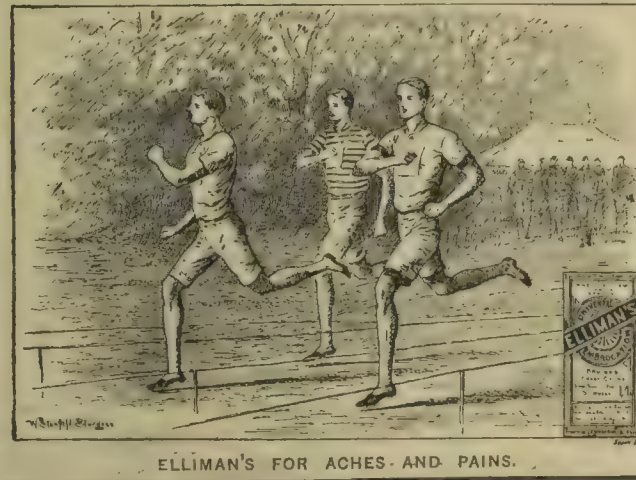
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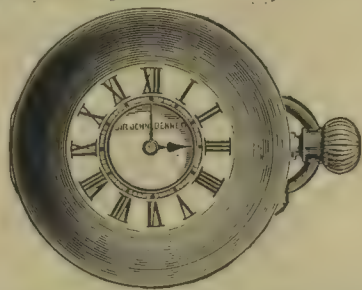


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OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM FORREST.

Sir William Forrest, of Comiston, in the county of Midlothian, Baronet of the United Kingdom, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Renfrew Regiment of Militia, died at 35, Manor Place, Edinburgh, on Aug. 30. The deceased, who was the fifth and youngest son of the late Sir James Forrest, Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh, was born April 6, 1823. He married in 1852 Margaret Anne, daughter of the late Mr. William Dalziel, J.P., and widow of Mr. Charles Delacour, and has left issue three sons. Lady Forrest died on March 8, 1892. The baronetcy devolves upon Mr. James Forrest, B.A., a Scotch advocate, who was born on Sept. 2, 1853.



SIR JAMES LUKIN ROBINSON.

Sir James Lukin Robinson, of Beverley House, in the city of Toronto, Baronet of the United Kingdom, and a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, died recently. The deceased, who was the eldest son of the late Sir John Beverley Robinson, Chief Justice of Upper Canada, was born March 27, 1818. He married, May 15, 1845, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. John Arnold, of Toronto, and formerly of Hasted in Kent, and has had issue two sons and four daughters. The baronetcy devolves upon the only surviving son, Mr. Frederick Arnold Robinson, who was born Nov. 9, 1855.



SIR JOHN CLAYTON COWELL.

Major-General the Right Hon. Sir John Clayton Cowell, one of her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, and Master of the Royal Household, died at Devonshire Villa, East Cowes, on Aug. 29. Sir John, who was son of the late Mr. John Clayton Cowell, was born in 1832, and entered the Royal Engineers in 1850. For services in the Baltic and Crimea he received the Orders of the Legion of Honour and the Medjidieh and the Crimean, Baltic, and Turkish Medals. The deceased was formerly Governor to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh and H.R.H. the Duke of Albany. He married Feb. 5, 1868, Georgina Elizabeth, only child of Mr. James Puckle, of Crake Hall and Clifton Castle, York, and has left issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General James Thomas Norgate, formerly (in 1859) Commandant of the 12th Regiment of the Punjab Native Infantry, and at the time of his death, which occurred recently at Towyn, Merionethshire, at the age of seventy, was on the retired list of the Bengal Staff Corps.

Miss Louisa Henrietta Alderson, the second daughter of the late Hon. Sir Edward Hall Alderson, a Baron of

her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, and sister to the present Marchioness of Salisbury, which occurred at Hatfield House, Herts, on Aug. 29.

General James Eardley Gastrell, F.R.G.S., who served in the Indian Mutiny during the Bundelcund and Punjab campaigns, and, at the time of his death, which occurred on Aug. 29, at his house, 12, Lansdowne Road, Bedford, in his seventy-sixth year, was on the retired list of the Bengal Staff Corps.

Miss Anna Maria Fenn Orde, at Clevedon, on Aug. 17, aged eighty-eight. She was the only daughter of the late Admiral Sir John Orde, Bart., and aunt to the present Sir J. W. P. Campbell-Orde, Bart., of Morpeth.

The Hon. Christopher Finlay Fraser, Q.C., formerly Commissioner of Public Works and a member of the Executive Council of the Province of Ontario, at Toronto, Canada, on Aug. 24, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

One of the most welcome among literary announcements is "The Life and Letters of Dean Church." At first, I believe, it was intended to publish only a collection of letters, but, happily, a regular biography has now been decided on, and in the accomplished hands of Dean Paget it is sure to be very successful. The story of the Oxford Movement has been told too frequently of late, and one may hope that it will not be the most prominent feature of the book. Dean Church had a far closer connection with the world of letters than any other prominent clergyman of recent times. He numbered among his warmest admirers such men as John Morley and others equally remote from his own religious belief. I hope that arrangements will yet be made for republishing some of the more striking of Dean Church's contributions to the *Guardian* and the *Saturday Review*. No finer papers of the kind have ever been written than his article on "Ecce Homo" and his characterisation of Newman as a preacher.

A new hymnal is being prepared for the Church in Wales. The object is to supply the Church in Wales with a hymnal in her own language, based upon definite ecclesiastical lines and more in keeping with her position as a branch of the Church Catholic, and thoroughly and fully breathing the spirit of her formularies. There are to be about 600 hymns, with appropriate tunes, and an original hymn for each Sunday in the Christian year is to be contributed by a well-known Welsh writer. The Bishop of Bangor is taking the lead in this important work.

One of the most imposing religious ceremonies of the time was the Catholic demonstration at Olympia, Newcastle. It was held in connection with the jubilee of St. Mary's Catholic Cathedral, Newcastle, and among those who attended were Archbishop Eyre, who was for many years pastor in Newcastle, and Cardinal Vaughan. The reports in a Newcastle paper are in the highest style of journalistic eloquence. "When Cardinal Vaughan appeared at last, and with him the Mayor, it was the thunderstorm

in the tropics indeed, all the suddenness and the crash. Presently his Eminence was in scarlet skull-cap and black and scarlet cassock, reposing to the right of the Mayor, with his characteristic grand air, and surveying his people with that imperious suavity which marks his grand air and illuminates his moulded features. . . Cardinal Vaughan was received with a shout which, as we may hope—

Tore hell's conclave, and beyond
Frightened the reign of Chaos and old Night.
His Eminence was in fine voice and mercurial bearing."

At one of the sermons held in connection with this jubilee, the Rev. Croke Robinson spoke on Ritualism, expressing the view that while Ritualism was spreading and doing a great work, it led to Rome. A Church paper says that the Catholic movement in the Church of England does not feed Rome, but, on the contrary, the Ritualists are one of the main hindrances to conversion to Roman Catholicism at the present time.

Of the lamented Prebendary Grier, Vicar of Hednesford, it has been said that he was, perhaps, the most outspoken man in the diocese. To this is attributed his non-preference to the higher offices in the Church. He resigned a good living to go to Hednesford to work among the colliers at an income of £300 a year, out of which a curate had to be paid. Riches never had any attraction for him, his only desire being to do good.

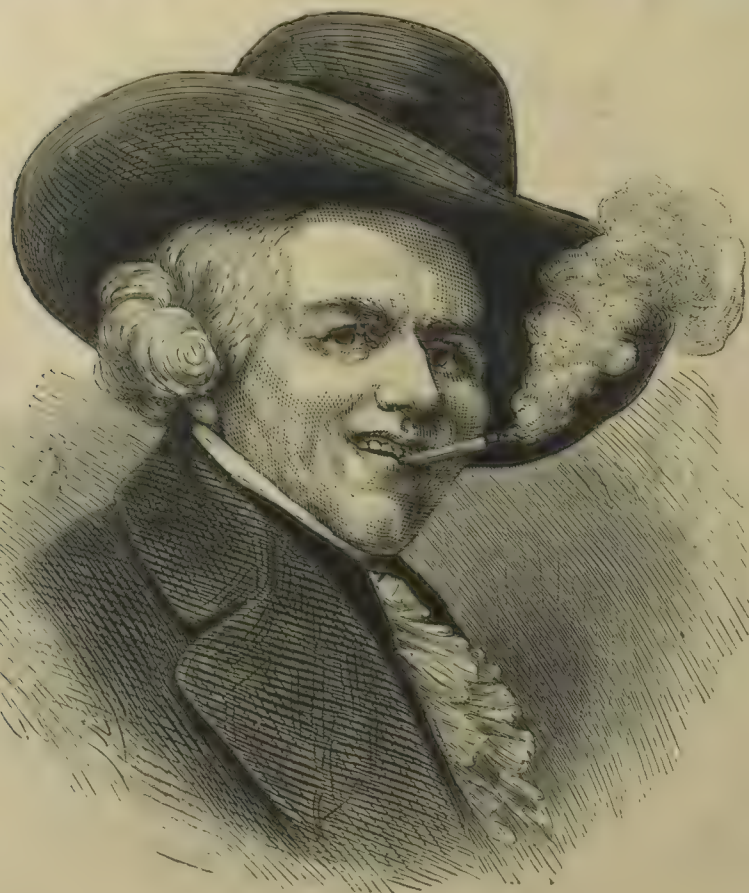
The Bishops of Cape Town and Bloemfontein have returned to their dioceses, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Norwich have left for the Continent.

Before leaving, the Bishop of Norwich issued some very sensible advice with reference to the organisation and management of missionary meetings in his diocese. He considers that there should not be too many speakers at these gatherings, that votes of thanks may be fairly dispensed with, and that though an occasional joke is permissible, the grave and serious object at which missionary enterprise aims should always be kept in view. He is of opinion that a great deal of time is wasted over jocose and irrelevant matter.

Archdeacon Farrar is not to be present at the Exeter Church Congress, and another absentee of note will be the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, who had undertaken to address the meeting on the duty of the Church under the present conditions of social, political, and religious life in country districts, while he had also promised to answer the question, "What we mean by Religion," at the working men's meeting.

Three Egyptian Pashas, one being Ali Pasha Sherif, President of the Legislative Council, the others Shawarby Pasha, a prominent member of that body, and Hassan Wassif, a retired General, have been arrested on a charge of breaking the law against the slave-trade by buying negro girls from the Soudan. The prosecution was ordered by Nubar Pasha, the Regent in the absence of the Khedive, but the Khedive has ordered the postponement of the trial.

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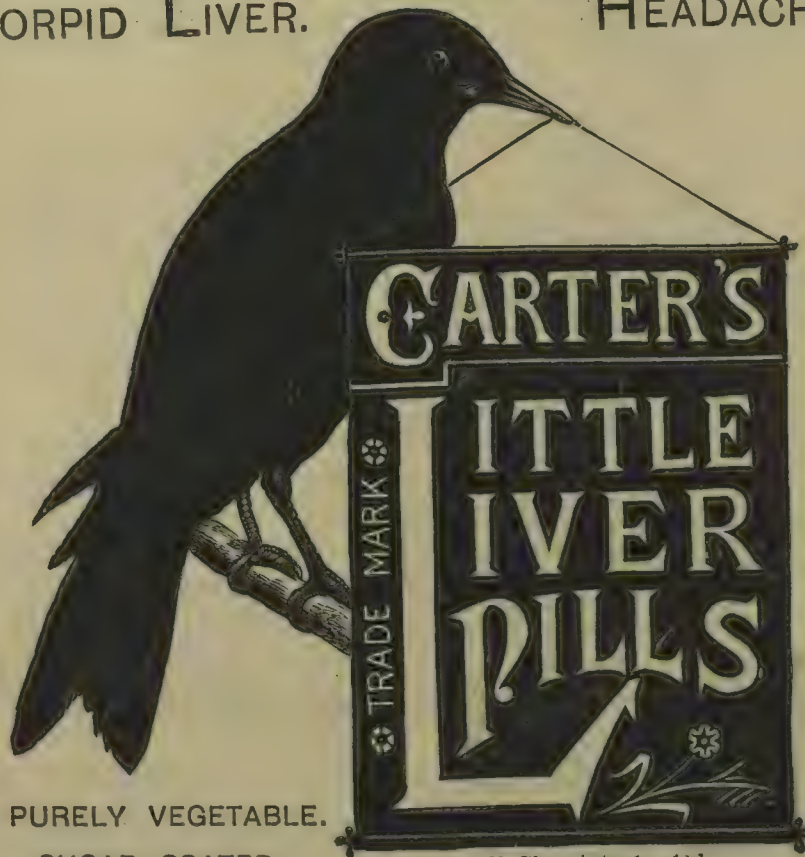
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 Trains from Victoria 8.10 and 9.55 a.m., London Bridge 8.5 and
 9.55 a.m., New Cross 8.10 and 10 a.m., Norwood Junction 8.25 and
 10 a.m., East Croydon 8.30 and 10.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison
 Road) 9.50 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea;
 Clapham Junction 8.15 and 10.10 a.m. Returning by any Train the
 same day.

EVERY SUNDAY Special Fast Trains from London Bridge
 9.25 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.25 a.m., Kensington
 (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and
 Battersea. Returning by certain Evening Trains same day only.
 Special Day Return Tickets 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.

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 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton,
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 Bridge 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon.

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 Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the
 principal places of interest on the Continent.

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 Books, Tourists' Programmes, and Handbills, to be obtained
 at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets
 may also be obtained: West End General Offices, 28, Regent Street,
 Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays'
 Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office,
 142, Strand.
 (By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

M O N T E C A R L O .

THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoy-
 able by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the
 multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between
 Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance
 at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the
 towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul
 Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judith
 achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a com-
 pany all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic
 and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo
 from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present
 were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of
 Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La
 Fille du Mademoiselle," performed by Mesdames Montabon
 and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert, "Mon Prince," by
 Audran; and "Toussaint," with Monnet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The
 director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon
 Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two
 representations every week in the following order: "Samson
 et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Madame Deschamps-John, Saléza
 and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcella Sembrich,
 Messrs. Queyria, Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robson," by
 Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec
 and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment," by Mlle.
 Elven, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at
 the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at
 Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey.
 Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and
 International Concerts, under the competent direction of M.
 Arthur Steck.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.

The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened on Jan. 16, is
 superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works
 collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements
 made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de
 Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary
 presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among
 the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille,
 and Barrias, of the Institut; Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus
 Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo
 Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee,
 with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most
 esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn
 tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and
 amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the
 marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few
 hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and man-
 ifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned
 establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance,
 they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairland,
 at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter
 there does not exist.

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 MARIE BREMA, and Madame MARIAN MCKENZIE; Mr.
 EDWARD LLOYD and Mr. IVER MCKAY; Mr. ANDREW
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 BERLIOZ' "TE DEUM," and MISCELLANEOUS.

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CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF CRESTED
 STATIONERY.—Best quality Paper and Square Court
 Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest, or with Monogram,
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 18 carat, from 42s. Card plate and 50 best visiting cards, 2s. 8d.;
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NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—The Offices of the
 INFANT ORPHAN ASYLUM, WANDSEED, are REMOVED
 to 43, LUDGATE HILL, E.C., where all communications on the
 business of the Charity should be addressed, and where Donations
 and Subscriptions will be most thankfully received.
 By Order of the Committee.
 Offices: 63, Ludgate Hill, E.C. HENRY W. GREEN, Secretary.

BENSON'S "FIELD" WATCH.

Specially recommended for use at Home, in India or the Colonies, and for Hunting or Rough Wear,
 OBTAINED GOLD MEDALS, BEING HIGHEST AWARDS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.
 KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER.

In Silver Cases,

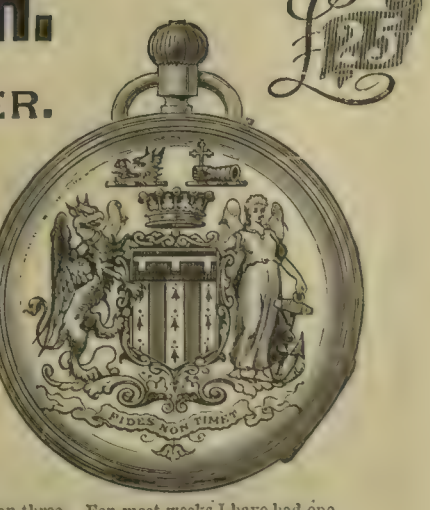
In 18-ct. Gold Cases,



Best London make, Breguet sprung,
 and adjusted to prevent variation
 when used during Hunting, Shoot-
 ing, or Yachting; highly finished
 half-chronometer movement with
 detached Lever escapement, fully
 jewelled and true chronometer
 balance. Made in Hunting, Half-
 Hunting, or Crystal Glass Massive
 18-ct. Gold Cases, £25; or in Silver
 Cases, £15; also made in a Special
 Size for Ladies, 18-ct. Gold £20;
 Silver, £10.



The Best and Cheapest High-Quality
 Watch at the Lowest Price.
 To officers proceeding on foreign
 service, residents in India or the Colonies,
 and to travellers generally, this watch
 is strongly recommended as a really
 strong, accurate, and durable time-
 keeper.
 HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS
 from wearers in all parts of the World.
 Monograms and Crests extra.



The Hunting Editor of the Field ("Arundel") says: "I have used the watch for four months, and have carried it hunting sometimes five days a week, and never less than three. For most weeks I have had one
 day, sometimes two, with hounds on foot; and with this strong test I have found it an accurate timekeeper. I recommend Messrs. Benson's hunting watch as one that can be depended on."—Field, March 22, 1894
 The Hunting Editor of Land and Water says: "After having the watch a few weeks in my possession, I pronounced it far and away the most satisfactory timekeeper I ever possessed. I have no hesitation in saying
 I not only believe in the capability of Messrs. Benson's 'Field' Watch to resist sudden changes of temperature, but in its powers to resist hard whacks and yet keep good time."—Land and Water, April 7, 1894.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK, containing Illustrations, &c., of Watches from £2 2s. to £100. Jewellery, Clocks, and Plate. Post Free on application to

J. W. BENSON (H.M. THE QUEEN), STEAM FACTORY, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.; And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.,
 and 25, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.
 SELECTIONS OF GOODS SENT TO THE COUNTRY ON RECEIPT OF REFERENCES.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 12, 1893) of Mr. Alfred Miles Speer, of 13, Park Crescent, Regent's Park, and of The Priory, Great Malvern, who died on July 28, was proved on Aug. 18 by William Henry Speer, Alfred Ernest Speer, and Frederick Arthur Speer, the sons, and William Geare, the executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £194,000. The testator gives all his wines, consumable stores, jewellery, plate, pictures, furniture, household effects, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock at his residences to his wife; his residence, 13, Park Crescent, to his wife, for life, or so long as she makes it her London residence; £10,000 each to his said three sons; £36,000, upon trust, for his son, Frederick Arthur; £10,000, upon trust, for his brother, John Templeman Speer, for life; £5000 to Charlton Templeman Speer; £3000 to Rosalie Templeman Speer; and £500 each to his executor, Mr. Geare, and his godson, Arthur Edward Blagden. His freehold residence, The Priory, and all his freehold property in the county of Worcester or elsewhere in England, Ireland, or Wales, but not elsewhere, he devises to the use of his wife for life, with remainder to his son William Henry for life, with remainder to his first and every other son according to their respective seniorities in tail male. All his residuary estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife during widowhood, and, in the event of her marrying again, £1500 per annum for life; subject thereto the residue is to be divided between his three sons in equal shares.

The will (dated April 6, 1893) of Mr. Timothy Rawlings, formerly of Piccadilly, hosier, and late of Halford, Craven Arms, Salop, who died on July 17, was proved on Aug. 10 by Edward Rawlings, the son, Arthur Graham, the nephew, and Henry Hotchkiss, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £49,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his trustees, and there are some bequests to his brother Samuel. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one third to be divided between the children of his late daughter, Alice Scrivenor, the share of a son to be one eighth more than the share of a daughter; and two thirds to his son absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1891) of Major-General William Arbuthnot, C.B., of Newlands House, Tooting, Surrey, who died on Sept. 12, 1893, was proved on Aug. 23 by Hugh Gough Arbuthnot, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator bequeaths his orders of Solomon's Seal and the Holy Cross, instituted by the Negus and the Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia, the Shield of the Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia, and other articles taken at Magdala, two china vases taken at the capture of the Kaiserbagh, Lucknow, and all his orders, decorations, medals, and clasps to his son, Gerald Archibald; and some other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said son.

The will (dated July 11, 1884), with two codicils (dated April 19, 1888; and Dec. 1, 1893), of Mr. Henry Westrup Eagle, formerly of 237, Regent Street, artificial florist, and late of 47, Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Aug. 28 by Frederick Wolfe and

Henry Charles Clift, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Ann Webb Eagle; £500 per annum to his son during the joint lives of himself and his (testator's) wife; £200 each to his executors, Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Clift; and £20 to Susan Hawkings. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust for his wife for life, and then for his son, his wife, and children.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Captain Thomas Reeder Clarkson, of Renfrew, Waverley Road, Southsea, who died on July 21, intestate, were granted on Aug. 21 to Surgeon-Captain Thomas Harry Frederick Clarkson, the son, and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000.

The will (dated June 28, 1894) of Mr. Peter Carter Brownell, of Hazelcroft, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, who died on July 15, was proved on Aug. 27 by John Brownell, the brother, and John Watkins Johnston, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Stockport Infirmary and the Stockport Sick Poor Nursing Association; his painting of "The Horsepond," by C. E. Johnson, a native of Stockport, to his wife, for life, and then to the Stockport Corporation Technical School, free of legacy duty; his residence, with the furniture and effects, and £500 per annum, to his wife during life or widowhood; and legacies to relatives, old servant, persons in his employ, and others. The residue of his property he gives to his brother, John Brownell.

The will (dated March 22, 1889) of Mr. Adolphus Gruning, of Whitehall, Crawley, Sussex, who died on July 26, was proved on Aug. 27 by Mrs. Charlotte Denning (the wife of Charles William Denning), and Arthur Stewart Tippetts, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £22,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, books, pictures, wines, furniture, and household effects to Mrs. Denning. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for Mrs. Denning for life, and then for her daughters, Blanche Elizabeth, Charlotte Ethel, and Amy Maud, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 28, 1887), with a codicil (dated Nov. 21, 1890), of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Bates, of 23, Castle Hill Avenue, Folkestone, who died on July 12, was proved on Aug. 27 by Thomas Norton Longman and George Henry Longman, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator bequeaths £1500 to his niece Clementina Louisa Ingles; £1000 to his niece Katherine Marion Loch; any legacy or share of residue he may take under the will of his brother, Sir Henry Bates, to thirteen of his nieces; and other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his niece Mary Longman.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1892) of Mrs. Annie Maria Wapshare, of 41, St. James's Square, Bath, who died on July 24 at 32, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, was proved on Aug. 21 by Geoffrey Holt Stilwell, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to

upwards of £15,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to her cousins Caroline, Kate, and Emily Van Straubenzee; and legacies to grandchildren by marriage and to friends. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to her said three cousins and the survivors and survivor of them, and on the death of the survivor for her cousin, Captain Arthur Hope Van Straubenzee, R.E., absolutely.

The International Peace Congress at Brussels terminated its proceedings on Sept. 1, when King Leopold II. received the members and spoke to them in a tone of encouragement. But his Majesty observed that Belgium requires means of defending her own neutrality, though guaranteed by other nations.

A French writer in the *Revue de Géographie*, M. Charles Roux, discusses the proposed new canal between Marseilles and the Rhone. The canal is carried under the Chaine de l'Estaque to the Etang de Berre, which it follows to Martigues. Thence it goes to the Port de Bouc, and follows the Arles Canal to the Etang de Oatéjon, whence it proceeds to the Rhone. The length is thirty-four miles, of which about four and a half are tunnelled underground. The average depth is 10 ft. between Marseilles and Port de Bouc, and 6½ ft. the rest of the way. The total cost will be £3,200,000.

Sir W. Pearson and Lady Pearson were recently the recipients of a very handsome and unique testimonial



from the employés of the firm of Messrs. S. Pearson and Son engaged in the construction of the Blackwall and East Greenwich Tunnel. The presentation took the form of a finely executed sterling silver model of the caisson used in the boring of the tunnel, an illustration of which we give. A clock movement has been inserted in the front, the hands being models of the erectors; and the dial being open, the intricate machinery used in boring is shown accurately reproduced in

silver. The aperture on the rear of the caisson may be used as a cigar-cutter, while the lid, being an exact model of the air-tight floor, lifts out, thus utilising the remaining inside space as a tobacco-jar. The whole is mounted on a suitably carved granite plinth bearing a shield with inscription. The model has been executed throughout by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 66, Cheapside, and 220, Regent Street.

WANTED!

The name and address of the person wearing a black hat, brown shoes, and a worried look, who, towards the end of last week, entered a well-known Chemist's in the West End of London, and complained of severe indigestion, nervous headache, sinking sensations, and extreme lassitude, and who bought several so-called remedies for these distressing ailments, but, unluckily for him, did NOT purchase a box of Beecham's Pills.

A fellow sufferer, who chanced to be in the shop at the time, a martyr to similar troubles, but who is now "as sound as a roach," desires, as an act of gratitude, to make known the means whereby, in a very short time, he was completely restored to health, and for all his pains

HANDSOMELY REWARDED.

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PACKED IN EMBOSSED FOIL PACKETS & TINS ONLY.

MANUFACTURED FROM SELECTED LEAF, AND GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE.

CHILDREN REARED ON MELLIN'S FOOD



HIGHEST AWARDS,
Gold Medal and Diploma of Honour

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MIDWINTER EXPOSITION,

AND

MIDWINTER FAIR,

SAN

FRANCISCO.



"The Gardens,
Derby,
Aug. 8th, 1894.

"Mr. G. Mellin,
"Dear Sir,—I enclose you a photo
of our little girl at fourteen months
old. We think her a credit to Mellin's
Food, and shall always recommend it
as an excellent preparation.
"Yours truly,
"A. OTTEWELL."

"Alsager, July 20th, 1894.

"Mr. G. Mellin,
"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in
enclosing a photograph of our little son,
Alfred Hall, taken when he was nine
months old. We are naturally very
pleased, and I recommend Mellin's Food
to all my friends, both for children
and invalids, having found great
benefit from it myself.
"Yours truly,
"SARAH J.
ALEXANDER."



"12, Eldon Road,
Rock Ferry, Cheshire,
Aug. 11th, 1894.

"Mr. G. Mellin,
"Dear Sir,—Enclosed I beg to
forward to you a photo of our little
boy taken when eight months old.
He has been brought up almost from
his birth on Mellin's Food. He was
born in India, and when only four
months old stood a journey to this country,
and is going back again on the 24th inst.
From the enclosed photo you will see how
well he has thriven on the Food.
"Yours faithfully, "J. MAIDEN."

"25, Goodwood Road, Albert Road,
Southsea, Portsmouth,
Aug. 9th, 1894.

"Mr. G. Mellin,
"Dear Sir,—I have enclosed photo of
my infant son, for you to use as an
advertisement if you like, as he was
brought up on Mellin's Food and
cow's milk. This photo was taken
when he was six months old; we
had him weighed at the same
time, and his weight was 30 lbs.
"Yours faithfully,
"F. W. BUTCH."

Testimonial
FROM
HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY
THE
Empress of Germany.

TRANSLATION.

Berlin, April 14, 1893.

At Mr. Mellin's request it is hereby certified
that his "Food" for Children has been used
with the best results by the young Princes,
sons of their Imperial Majesties the
Emperor and Empress.
The Cabinet of Her Majesty the
Empress and Queen.



MELLIN'S
FOOD
BISCUITS.

FOR CHILDREN AFTER WEANING,
THE AGED, DYSPEPTIC,
AND FOR ALL WHO REQUIRE A SIMPLE,
NUTRITIOUS, AND SUSTAINING FOOD.
DIGESTIVE. NOURISHING. SUSTAINING.
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AN ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ON THE FEEDING AND REARING OF INFANTS: A Practical and Simple Treatise for Mothers. Containing a large number of Portraits of Healthy and Beautiful Children, together with Facsimiles of Original Testimonials, which are of the greatest interest to all mothers, to be had, with samples, free by post, on application to—

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Stafford Street, PECKHAM, S.E.

THE DELPHI EXCAVATIONS.

The *Journal Officiel* of Paris publishes a report from M. Homolle, Director of the Ecole Française of Athens, on the excavations at Delphi. It is divided into three parts, in which M. Homolle examines, respectively, the results of the excavations made at the Temple of Apollo, at the Treasury of the Athenians, and at the Treasury of Hellenico. With regard to the Temple of Apollo, he says the area now excavated comprises the whole of the terrace which surrounds and supports the polygonal wall—that is to say, the Temple itself and the space surrounding it on the east, south, and west sides, from fifteen to twenty metres wide on the two former sides, and about twelve metres on the third side. On the northern side the two corners have been reached, and outside the wall a portion of the Sacred Way, twenty metres long and ten metres wide, has been excavated at the north-east corner. But, notwithstanding the extent of these excavations, neither the fragment of a frieze nor any portion of a sculptured figure having belonged to the pediment has been discovered. This is regarded by M. Homolle as remarkable, and the complete absence of even fragments of decorative sculpture must be regarded as discouraging for the future. According to the director of the Ecole d'Athènes, it is to be supposed that the Roman Emperors posterior to Pausanias had the two groups of figures taken down very carefully piece by piece. The metopæ are supposed to have shared the same fate.

M. Homolle seeks to give a description of the Temple as it formerly existed. He says: "Raised on a stylobata composed of three high steps, the Temple had the form of a periptera. In accordance with the custom of the sixth century, it had only six columns on the front, and was a very

long building. To determine the number of columns on the sides is a calculation which cannot be undertaken without a plan. To give one we must await the completion of the excavation, and we prefer to make no suppositions before having cleared away the ground from the fourth side of the Temple." In closing the chapter on the Temple of Apollo, M. Homolle expresses himself as follows: "The discovery of the Temple, the excavation of the Sacred Way intact throughout, the discovery of the monuments still standing beside it, and the considerable number of pieces of sculpture and inscriptions, enable us to say our efforts have been rewarded." With regard to the Treasury of the Athenians, the discoveries since May have been important, and have, according to M. Homolle, had the double advantage of giving a firm basis for the interpretation of the subjects and for the order of distribution of the metopæ. Contrary to what he had supposed, those discoveries now enable him to affirm that all the four sides of the building were decorated. The number of slabs or portions of slabs brought to light is close on thirty, the total number of metopæ. The monument is now complete with its decorations. Just before finishing his report the excavations had led to the discovery of the head of a Roman statue in a perfect state of preservation, a little bronze statuette, and a large statue of Antinous in marble. The arms are, however, wanting. The work of excavation will be pushed on actively till winter.

The Queen of Italy, while climbing the Alpine heights near the Riffel Alp, suffered a terrible shock by the sudden death of one of the gentlemen attending her, Baron Pecoz, with whom and several others, linked together by a rope, her Majesty was crossing a glacier. It appears that the

Baron followed her Majesty on the rope, and, observing a large crevasse which had escaped the Queen's notice, cried "Look out!" He seems to have been seized with a spasm of the heart, for he staggered, groaned, and died. After his burial her Majesty ascended to the Riffelhaus and placed some flowers. Baron Pecoz, who was a valued member of the royal household, was a man over middle age, and was not in robust health.

Mr. G. Mitchell, assistant-editor of Dr. Murray's new English dictionary, was killed on Thursday, Aug. 30, while trying to climb a precipitous gully on Snowdon. Evidence was given at the inquest that Mr. Mitchell persisted in making the attempt against the advice of those who accompanied him, and he fell about 150 ft. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

On Saturday, Sept. 1, a young man was drowned in the Thames near Teddington Weir by a collision between the excursion-launch *Sunbury Belle* and a rowing-boat in which were five young men. The boat was capsized, but four of its occupants were saved.

The Cunard liner *Campania* has arrived off Queenstown from New York, having accomplished the passage in 5 days 10 hours 57 min., which is the fastest eastward passage, breaking her previous record by 1 hour and 20 min. Had she not experienced dense fog on the banks on the 28th, during which her speed was reduced at times to dead slow, it is calculated that she would have made the run in 5 days 7 hours 47 min., as she is held to have lost sixty miles through reduced speed. The *Lucania*, the sister ship to the *Campania*, arrived at New York, having made the westward passage in 5 days 8 hours 38 min., or 51 min. less than the previous record voyage.

New Edition, pp. 324, cloth, 1s. post free.
HOMOEOPATHIC FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
By Drs. R. and W. EPPS. Describes fully and prescribes for general diseases.—LONDON: JAMES EPPS AND CO. (LTD.), 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

"OBESITY."—Hot weather, sleeplessness, inflammatory diseases, &c. use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It removes excessive fat by simple and natural means, thus you keep the body in a healthy trim. It is cooling, soothing, and health-giving. It is impossible to overstate its great value in keeping the whole system vigorous, and preventing unnecessary disease. It prevents and removes diarrhoea in the earlier stages. Caution.—Examine each bottle, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, London, S.E.

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The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their Steam-ship LUSITANIA, 3877 tons register, from LONDON on Sept. 12 for a thirty-five days' cruise, visiting Lisbon, Port Mahon, Villa Franca (for Nice), Leghorn, Palermo, Malta, Algiers, Malaga, Cadiz, arriving back in London Oct. 17. String Band, Electric Light, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Baths, high-class Cuisine.
Managers: F. GREEN and Co., Anderson, and Co., London. Head Offices, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; or to the West End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur St., S.W.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 6s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners Street, W.



This inimitable COCA WINE restores Health, Strength, and Vigour. It is the most efficacious of Tonics and Stimulants, without any unpleasant reaction. It is universally recommended by Physicians as "A powerful rejuvenator and renovator of the vital forces." Sold by Chemists and Stores, or delivered free by Importers, WILCOX and CO., 230, Oxford Street, London. 4s. per bottle, or 45s. per dozen.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE, Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into Fat. Sold by Chemists. Send stamp for pamphlet.
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NO PACKING
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NO LEAKAGE
SOLD IN MANY VARIETIES BY
PLUMBERS & IRONMONGERS,
AND BY THE
PALATINE ENGINEERING CO.
TO BLACKSTOCKS, LIVERPOOL

JOHN CASS SMART, Esquire, Deceased.
Pursuant to the Statute 22nd and 23rd Vic. cap. 35. Notice is hereby given that all Creditors and other persons having any claims against the Estate of John Cass Smart, late of Combe Hay Manor, near Bath, in the County of Somerset, Doctor of Medicine, deceased (who died on the 14th day of July, 1894, and whose Will with a Codicil thereto, was proved on the 3rd day of September, 1894, by Francis Gray Smart, of Bredbury, Tisbury Wells, in the County of Kent, Esquire; George Edward Smart, of Combe Hay Manor, in the County of Somerset, Esquire; and Margaret Smart, of Combe Hay Manor aforesaid, Spinster, the Executors therein named) are hereby required to send the particulars in writing of their claims to the undersigned Solicitors for the Executors on or before the 19th day of October, 1894, after which date the Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and they will not be liable to any person of whose claim they shall not then have had notice.
Dated this 4th day of September, 1894.
E. FLUX and LEADBITTER,
Solicitors for the Executors.
144, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

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Cuticura SOAP
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Is the blackest of crimes. IMPROVED NUBIAN is the blackest of BLACKINGS. It polishes any kind of Boots & Shoes, from Kid to Calf. Never hardens or cracks the leather, and can be removed quickly. Is waterproof. Easily applied with a sponge attached to the cork. Sample bottle free from the Nubian Manufacturing Company, Ltd., 55, Great Saffron Hill, E.C. 2 stamps for Postage.

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The choicest-roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the natural Cocoa on being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, give forth their excess of oil, leaving for use a finely-flavoured powder—"Cocaine," a product which, when prepared with boiling water, has the consistence of tea, of which it is now beneficially taking the place with many. Its active principle being a gentle nerve-stimulant, supplies the needed energy without unduly exciting the system.

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The world-renowned hair tonic; prevents the hair from falling off.

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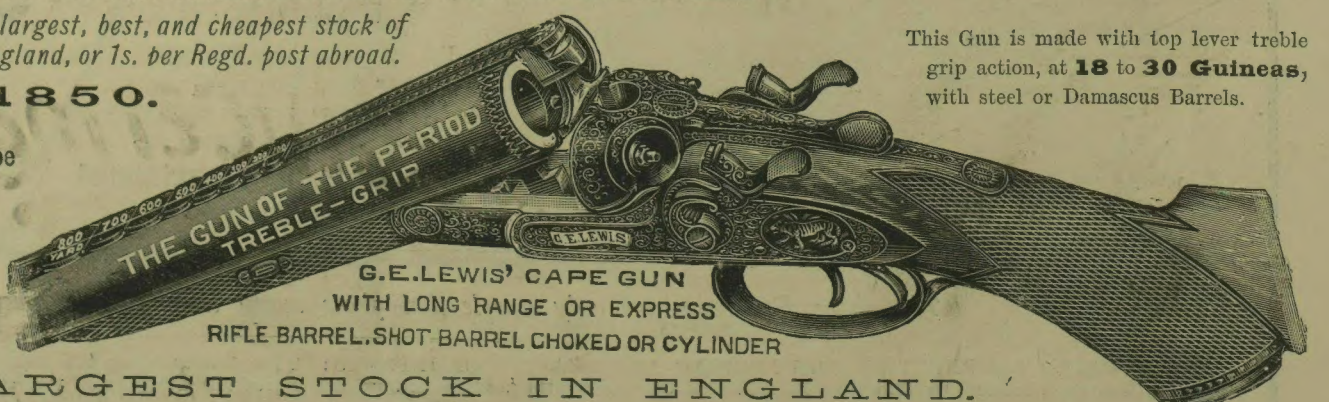
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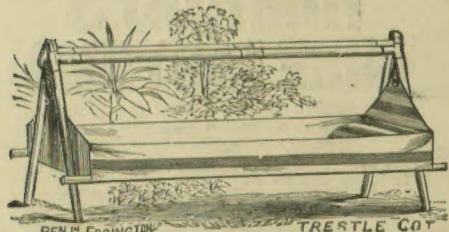
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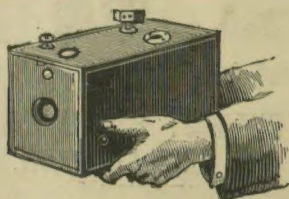
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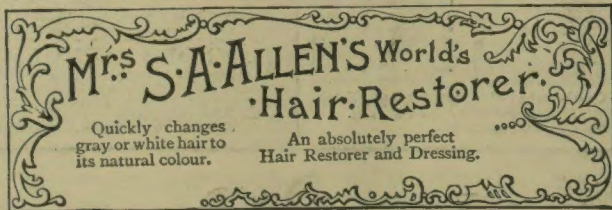
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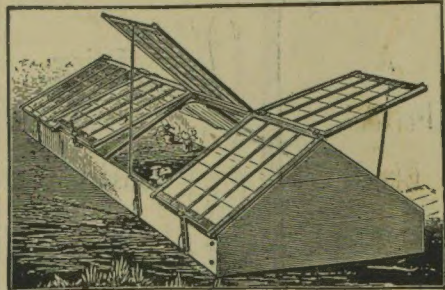
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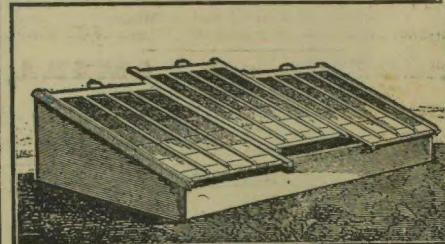
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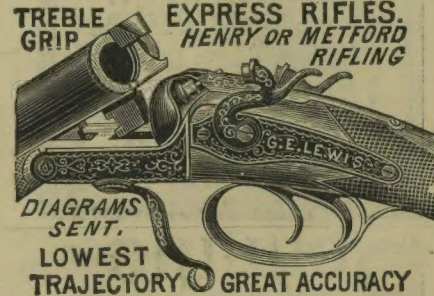
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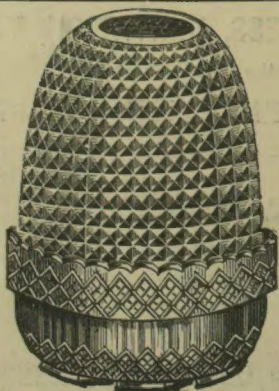


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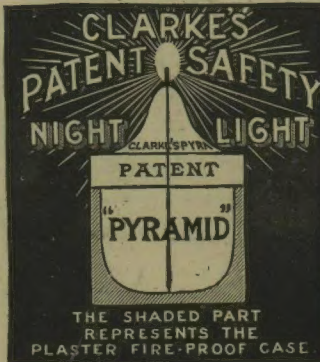
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